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EDITORIAL

by bob eby

DURING THE TRICKIEST MOMENTS OVER THE NEARLY THREE YEARS THAT I'VE BEEN editing the COMMUNICATOR, those times when biting the bullet seemed the only honourable way out, one of my wildest (and therefore best) fantasies was that when they came for me I would go down in a blaze of glory, lights flashing, adoring fans screaming, one of their throats in each of my iron-grip hands. I would make it to that great outbin in the sky, where the copy-girls are hardbellied and full of hip (if you know what I mean), where I would loll away eternity, a retired man of veneration, a veteran of Holy Wars....

But, like most things in life worthy of comment, it didn't come down quite the way Carl Jung led me to expect. . . they are sending me off to the Westmorland Institution in New Brunswick where farming is the name of the game and Farmer Bob will be my name. And, as I've always tried to do, I'll tell you true; I can't wait to try it on for size.

I like to think that my efforts over the last nearly three years indicate that I have a special place in my soul for the COMMUNICATOR. Some of the best times I've had behind prison walls and fences have been spent right where I sit at this moment, surrounded by a number of good people, working at something that has always at the least been interesting, and communicating with people from all over Canada and the United States, both in and out of prisons, who have compassion for their fellow man, and especially for those people in the kinds of trouble that an unwillingness or inability to accept and live by society's rules puts a person in. And, even though there is much that I wanted to bring to our magazine that didn't make it, there have been items published and treatments rendered that would not have been if I hadn't brought my particular bent to things.

I am leaving the COMMUNICATOR, not because my sentence has been used up (I'm only about legally half-way there) but because the only way I can get myself back onto the streets where I belong is to gain the kind of credibility minimum-security experience can give me. I am going to miss the dozens of people who have touched my life during the last three years, both those in person and who I came to watch for in writing. The COMMUNICATOR has poets and prose writers who come to us first with their submissions. . . a proud moment for this old hack. People like JACK BROOKS, TIM ENGLAND, B.K. FILSON, DANIEL MacELVEEN, the late LINDA PYKE, and JEFFREY ZABLE, to name only some, have contributed over the years and have helped make us one of the prison publications people look to when they want to know how some of the more articulate prisoners feel or think about an issue.

We have worked to keep our magazine "a penal mag with a difference -- no tears." This has manifested itself by our always striving to keep away from the petty gripes a person doing time can too easily fall victim to. While prisoners in maximum-security institutions were being abused by the authorities with gas and dogs and clubs and guns and Special Handling Units, we have resisted the urge to bitch about our lot here in Springhill, even though there are "inmates" here who would have you believe that we are the hardest done by people in the system. I believe the COMMUNICATOR is one of the better publications coming out of a prison in North America because of this resistance to whining.

I want to wish all our readers and supporters Good Luck. I thank you for your support and understanding. The fact that the COMMUNICATOR exists made my last three years of existence a more worthwhile experience than it would have been without it.

I have nothing more to say.

Bob Eby

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CENSORSHIP within these pages used to allow characters in the fiction section to speak as they do in real life; but, times have changed and we are no longer permitted to use what some people term vulgar language, although we can continue to describe the vulgarity that is prison. "FOUR-LETTER" words, except ones like kill, hate, beat, dead, time, rape, Hole, jail, rule, pain, fear, and the *n-i-s-y* that goes with hypocrisy, even if they are in the dictionary, will not be seen again. We will go along with this newest rule while we feel we are getting some of the things said which need saying.

It is also true that we publish items from time to time that express views we don't agree with; however, since we are a forum for diverse opinions, and since opinions are like noses -- everybody's got one -- we will defend to the death the signing author's right to take care of himself. If you read something that provokes you, write down your feelings and send them in; otherwise, take a Bromo and forget it; or, perhaps, re-think your position and tell us about how that happened.

No person in authority over prisoners necessarily agrees with the opinions expressed herein, although they do allow us to publish providing no staff names are used in a negative context and opinions do not get passed off as facts.

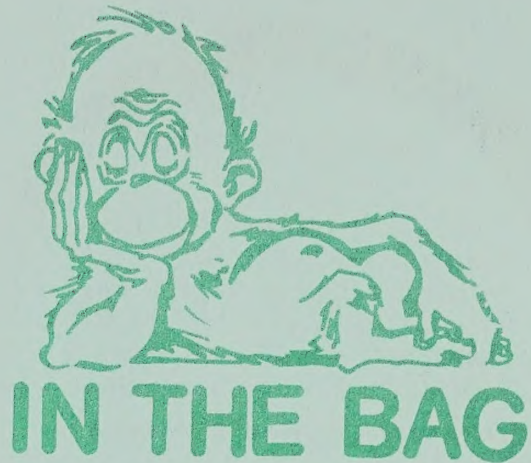
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Mole Publishing Co.,
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506 East Beverly Street,
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Dear Editor,

Thanks for keeping the COMMUNICATOR coming. Your magazine is astonishing. The quality of the inmate writing is high enough to keep an outsider like me interested. The writing by the magazine staff is first rate, and your new artist is doing superb work.

Thanks, too, for the kind words about THE \$50 & UP UNDERGROUND HOUSE BOOK. Going to use those good words in the review blurbs on the 4th edition which I'm working on now. Send you a copy when it comes out in the fall.

Enclosed are three copies of my new book, ONE MEXICAN SUNDAY. One is for you, Editor Bob, one is for the prison library, and one is for the staff and clients at RECOVERY HOUSE. Hope you will be able to pass this last copy along as I don't have their address.

My very best wishes to you all.

(Signed)
Mike Oehler

P.S. I'll send ONE MEXICAN SUNDAY to any prisoner for \$5 postpaid — just about cost.

Dear Editor:

Many thanks for your letter of April 1 and the great batch of back issues of the COMMUNICATOR. They'll soon be given to the CREATIVE RIGHTERS at the STAUNTON CORRECTIONAL CENTER, along with your request for stories and articles. The guys in the workshop seem to be devoting their attention to poems these days, with nary a piece of prose in sight. But who knows? Your invitation may be inspirational.

And, for what they're worth, my compliments on THE COMMUNICATOR. By now I've seen a mess of prison publications, and mess is the appropriate word for most of them. But THE COMMUNICATOR is well written, wide-ranging, thoughtfully assembled, and altogether commendable. You've done a fine job.

Sincerely,
(Signed)
Janet Lembke

EDITOR'S NOTE: Anyone doing time can tell you that compliments are hard come by in a prison. We are grateful when we receive letters like the two reprinted here; but, even an old veteran like this editor appreciates a good dig from time to time. So, if you've got something on your mind that you'd like to lay on us that is less than complimentary, don't be shy; fire away.

IS THE LAW INCUBATING PRISON VIOLENCE?

25-year murder term a 'time bomb'

by VICTOR MALAREK
THE GLOBE AND MAIL (Toronto)

Sept. 1, 1980

Mandatory 25-year prison terms for first-degree murder are creating a time bomb in Canada's network of maximum-security penitentiaries, according to both prison officials and critics outside the penal system.

In a series of interviews, guards, criminologists, lawyers and Government officials agree that unless the law is amended the institutions will be plagued increasingly by riots, murders, attacks on guards and hostage-takings such as the one this past week at Laval Penitentiary in Quebec.

All but two of the nine convicts who took 12 people hostage in the Laval incident are serving life sentences, and at least three are in for the mandatory 25 years for first-degree murder. (Another prisoner who was killed at the outset of the Laval incident was also serving a life sentence.)

Most critics say the only way to defuse the situation is to reduce the mandatory sentence by 10 or 15 years, with parole a likely prospect after that period. Although prison guards' representatives do not openly advocate it, they favor a return to the death penalty.

Statistics show that 116 convicts, slightly more than 1 percent of those now in penitentiaries across the country, are serving mandatory terms for first-degree murder. Another 279 convicted of second-degree murder are serving at least ten years before they are eligible for parole.

Critics argue that unless something is done about the 25-year mandatory sentence a string of maximum-security institutions will have to be built across the country by the turn of the century to accommodate first-degree murderers.

Alan Gold, a criminal lawyer in Toronto, called the present law "a sham ... a fraud. It was a political tradeoff for capital punishment and its obvious it will have to be changed."

"It will have to be changed by 1985 or the government will have to build three, four or five Millhaven-type prisons (referring to a maximum-security prison near Kingston that holds about 300 convicts)... It's obvious that is not going to happen. Simple mathematics will show that the law cannot stay in effect.

"And 25 years is just too long to keep someone in jail without a chance of parole. It creates a sense of hopelessness, which leads to frustration and then to violence.

"It's like a time bomb waiting to go off when you have a large number of inmates sitting around with no hope," said Mr. Gold, who prepared a brief for the Canadian Civil Liberties Association that was presented to a parliamentary sub-committee studying the penitentiary system in 1976-77.

William Westlake, senior deputy commissioner of Correctional Services of Canada, said ominously that the full effect of the law that replaced capital punishment "is just starting to rear its head."

Although studies do not indicate that inmates serving 25-year terms are the sole source of serious outbreaks in penitentiaries, he said, "if they are not up front there is good reason to believe that they are operating in the background."

He said these inmates are "hardcore, manipulative and very aggressive. Their population is increasing every day."

Gaston Bernatchez, an executive with the Union of Solicitor-General Employees, said: "That law must be amended because conditions will be impossible in a very short time.

"To do 25 years is nonsense, no matter what the person has done. These inmates see no hope, no future... Their only alternative is to escape and in their attempt they will take hostages.

"In the meantime, they terrify other inmates and threaten guards. The inmates live in fear and the guards work in fear because they know these guys have nothing to lose," Mr. Bernatchez said.

"I have many inmates tell me that they would rather be hanged than serve a minimum of 25 years inside."

Real Jubinville, associate director of the Canadian Association for the Prevention of Crime (an organization of professionals and laymen formerly known as the Canadian Criminology and Corrections Association), said that "men serving such sentences become desperate, and when you get many of these in the same institution, you change the character of the institution from what may have been a relatively relaxed atmosphere to a highly tense place.

"This tension effects even those prisoners doing shorter terms, who then begin to see their own life in the same desperate light," he said. As tension rises among prisoners, "there is a mountain of fear within the security people in the institutions. The more desperate men you have in cages the more fearful the watchers get."

Mr. Westlake said it has become obvious that "these are the people that our service will have to pay particular attention to."

He said that a stricter and more elaborate method of security classification for prisoners has been designed and will be introduced over the next few years.

Prisoners are now classified as providing one of three levels of security — minimum, medium or maximum. The new system will have seven levels, and all prisoners serving the 25-year mandatory term will spend a major part of it under the most stringent security.

Mr. Westlake predicted that the change, which probably will take two or three years to complete, "will have a significant impact on exerting control and turning around problems."

Although the 25-year term was singled out as the most serious cause of unrest in maximum security prisons, those interviewed pointed to myriad other factors.

Prison guards say that discipline has gone out the window, and as a result inmates are out of control, gangs are running the prisons, and drugs and alcohol are easily obtained.

Inmates and prisoners' rights groups counter that guards wield too much power, that correctional officers are overzealous at times in exercising authority.

Allan Manson, professor of law and director of a correctional law project at Queens University in Kingston, pointed to the government's "failure to address very fundamental questions...in particular, the effects on the soul of long-term confinement."

Prof. Manson agreed that the government has carried out many changes in the past 10 years. "They have dealt with a lot of cosmetic difficulties... but they have failed to come to grips with an environment that is repressive and coercive. You can never escape the fact that the very structure of prisons promotes frustrated, hostile and dangerous environments."

Graham Stewart, executive director of the John Howard Society of Kingston, agreed that many of the changes made have been superficial. "The major concern of all prisoners is not food or clothing. It is release. And that major concern is totally lost in a huge complex maze in which a large number of people are now involved. There is an absence of clear criteria on release, and the tension that builds up from that is incredible."

Mr. Stewart said that rules on such things as day passes, unsupervised visits, transfers and paroles have "become so complicated and complex." The authority to grant anything that requires a positive decision has risen higher and higher...Negative decisions can be granted quite readily at the lower levels of authority.

"And all the time you are dealing with someone's life."

Politicians and Government administrators have raised the expectations of inmates but have not delivered on the promises, Mr. Gold said.

"They have been promising smaller institutions with less emphasis on warehousing people...that the massive penitentiary of the olden days would be gone. Yet the government continues to pour money into building Millhaven-type institutions.

"The government keeps sending out the message that 'we're not going to treat you like animals, we're not going to warehouse you, we will treat you right' and yet, for a long time nothing of substance happens," Mr. Gold said. "It's the frustration of not having those promises met that leads to violence."

Mr. Bernatchez, who worked as a prison guard for 16 years, said that prisoners "have been given too many rights. That's the general feeling of all the guards. There is practically no discipline. You cannot operate a prison without discipline."

He said prison wardens are bending over backwards to meet convicts' demands. "The warden wants to keep the peace. He knows if he keeps refusing the inmates demands they will blow his place up. It's nothing but blackmail."

Mr. Westlake, who has worked in the penitentiary service for 32 years, said that in the past decade "life in institutions has become liberalized. It's a reflection of the more liberalized approach society has asked us to take to the prisons. Once you liberalize, then it's inevitable that these problems will come."

One result is that "the kind of inmate you're dealing with today is quite different from the individual we got 10 or 15 years ago," he said.

"Inmates today expect more from the system. There is a lot of emphasis on human rights. Inmates have a lot more free time...."

Westmorland Institute

by Greg Scott

THE SHEDS AND BARNs OF THE WESTMORLAND FARM ANNEX SPROUT LIKE MUSH-rooms under the shadow of the fortress-like walls of Dorchester Penitentiary. Despite the closeness of the maximum-security conditions which sometimes spill over into the minimum annex, mostly the farm carries on in its own relaxed way, overlooking the marshes of the Shepody Bay, where the horizon is about 15 miles away.

I don't want to give you the impression that the farm is a rest home, it's not. Seven day work-weeks are normal there, and eleven hour days that start before the sun is up go into making a 2,000 acre spread pay its way.

About forty cows are getting milked by 5:30 am, and other things are starting to move. The kitchen crew, who did a great job on the meals late, also get up very early. However, most of the guys I talked to who were working these hours were being paid about \$135.00 a canteen, or \$270.00 a month.

A new beef program will employ quite a few guys, as well as a modernized slaughterhouse. While some of the buildings are quite old, there are some new construction projects going on (where the guys can get minimum wage) like the big cattle barn and the new trailers which will eventually replace some of the dorms where most of the guys sleep at present.

The piggery had 490 porkers standing around munching out, waiting for the "due date" marked on their pens. Coming "due" for them means getting turned into pork chops and bacon. About ten guys work in this area, at a great variety of tasks, mostly shovelling in feed and shovelling out waste.

The hennerly, with about 2,000 laying birds, was run by only three guys who pick up the eggs and watch the feeding equipment (automatic). These birds don't wind up in anybody's dining hall when they're done, but their eggs supply the local federal institutions.

Surrounding the barns there is a lot of harvesting and other types of equipment. Because of the size of the operation, most of the work is done mechanically, but there is still a lot of labour in bagging the tons of potatoes, filling and emptying huge feed silos, and heaving hay bales.

At the front of the prison there are a number of greenhouses. A couple of them were full of English Cucumbers and very enthusiastic tomato plants. The half dozen guys who look after these buildings also operate the mowing equipment which is used on the large fields and lawns surrounding both prisons.

A new Electronic Data Processing set-up was in its first day of operation when we visited the farm, using some of the rooms in the new trailers, although I was told that when the trailers were originally moved in, they were intended to house those guys who had to get up in the early morning, as they have to go to sleep proportionally early, difficult in a dormitory.

Recreation at the annex is limited, both by space and by budgetary limitations; but for guys eligible for passes or limited day parole, sports facilities in both Moncton and Sackville are close enough for some use. A small weight room, hobby area, pool room, TV rooms and outdoor recreation close to the annex are available. Guys who have to be entertained all the time will find the annex very boring, and guys who don't get along too well with their fellows in close contact will feel uncomfortable.

On the whole though, I found the farm to be relaxing, and people there to be more mellow. Whether it is the long hours, the healthy food, or just being out from behind bars, the average guy at the farm seems to be better off in some ways to people here.

GETTING STRAIGHT

"GETTING STRAIGHT" will appear in each issue. The basic theme of each item will be attempts at looking at old notions in new ways; in other words, challenging basic values --working at getting it straight.

THE LAST RESORT

by TOM WICKER
NEW YORK TIMES

WALTHAM, Mass. — "Why do we imprison people?"

That seems easy to answer, doesn't it? Surely we imprison people to get criminals off the streets, punish them and protect the law-abiding.

But do we really? The more nearly accurate answer may be that offenders most often go to prison because sentencing judges merely assume that imprisonment is the only response to crime.

Indeed, as judge Lois G. Forer of the Philadelphia Court of Common Pleas suggested to a conference at Brandeis University on "alternative sentencing": "We take prisons as a given" and imprisonment as an "immutable law of nature." Actually, as historian David Rothman of Columbia University related, imprisonment as a response to criminal offenses was a relatively recent development — then thought enlightened and humane — of 19th century America.

Judge Forer, a widely respected authority on criminal justice, argued that in many — perhaps most — instances of non-violent crime today, imprisonment may be the worst thing to do — both unnecessary and counter-productive. Already, she pointed out, the United States imprisons more people, but absolutely and per-capita, than any other "civilized Western society"; but it has a higher crime rate than any of them — a crime problem so severe that 52 percent of residents in a recent poll said they had guns in their households "for protection."

More imprisonment, moreover, will demand more prisons — at construction costs of from \$30,000 to \$60,000 per bed and operational costs of \$20,000 to \$40,000 per inmate per year in a maximum security prison. With about a half-million convicted persons already in prison on any given day, these are enormous charges against a society supposedly gripped in a "tax revolt" and in which such institutions as the public schools, mental hospitals and day-care centres are often strapped for funds.

Yet, for such expenditures, Judge Forer said, Americans get a recidivism rate of about 65 percent, with persons who have been imprisoned more likely to commit crimes than those who have not. Nor, in her view — not undis-

puted at the conference — is there any proof that the threat of imprisonment deters crime.

Judge Forer said that she relied as much as possible on "restitution" by the offender to the victim, plus fines. She described this as not only an effective way to deal with nonviolent offenders but a matter of fairness to the victim, who is often the forgotten person in a criminal case and for whom imprisonment for the offender offers only moral satisfaction, if that.

Thus, she said, for a shoplifter convicted of pilfering \$100 worth of merchandise, she might order the \$100 paid back and levy a fine of \$300. Or, for a businessman found guilty of embezzling \$100,000, the penalty might be restitution of the funds plus a \$300,000 fine. The result is that such non-violent offenders stay out of prison and avoid its dehumanizing effects — which often lead to more crime — while the victim is repaid and society saves a lot of taxpayer money.

Sometimes, said Judge Forer, when such a penalty involved getting a job for an offender and giving him or her responsibilities to meet, it could even be "rehabilitating." Presiding Justice Albert L. Kramer of the Quincy, Mass., Trial Court, another leading exponent of "alternative sentencing," saw community service as another useful resource for judges.

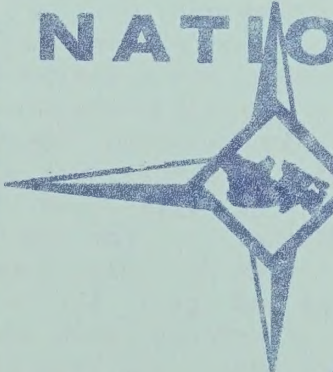
He recounted the case of a young man, never before in any kind of trouble, whose negligent driving resulted in the death of a young woman. He was found guilty of a crime which could have resulted in a prison sentence; instead Judge Kramer sentenced him to work 100 days in a nursing home — a form of restitution to the community in a case in which it was impossible to make restitution to the victim, and in which imprisonment would merely have punished the offender without protecting society.

Judge Kramer saw imprisonment as a sort of "bottom line" for offenders who failed a chance given them by alternative sentences. He estimated that about 30 percent of those he had given such sentences failed in some way to carry them out and ultimately were jailed — which suggests that the other 70 percent did not require the prison sentences they might have received in some other court.

Harvard Prof. James Q. Wilson, a noted academic authority on crime, cautioned that alternative sentencing had not yet been sufficiently evaluated but termed restitution "immensely appealing." He saw it more nearly as an alternative to probation than to prison but pointed out that it both compensated the victim and provided a useful intervention in an offender's behavior before he or she went to prison.

Deputy Attorney General Charles Renfrew, until this year a Federal judge in California, made perhaps the essential point. Sentencing judges, he said, ought to view incarceration as "a last resort" rather than the first in trying to reconcile the goals of punishing crime, protecting society, saving the victim and redeeming the offender.

NATIONAL



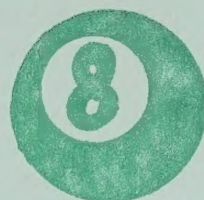
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THE LATE GREAT UNIT EIGHT



by Cliff Ryan

THIS IS MY FIRST TRY AT BEING A REPORTER. I have never done anything like this before, so I hope that you will be tolerant with me and leave your shivs and pipes under your pillows. I guess it would be safe to hide under my bed with my pigmies for two or three days after this is published, just to let things cool down a little.

During the last few months there have been a few new faces come into the unit, so I want to take this opportunity to welcome you aboard. I hope your stay will be as pleasant as possible and I would like to remind you that it can be easy or hard doing time . . . it will depend on the individual to make it easy for himself or hard. Your time can go quite fast if you get yourself involved in some worthwhile project like Hobby Crafts, sports, or one of the committees that are around here. It sure beats hell out of sitting around in your cell, twiddling your thumbs and thinking about your next score, or getting into brew and finding yourself in the Hole.

A short while ago, DOUG A. from this unit went out on a pass and decided that he didn't like it here anymore, so he took a short vacation. I heard that they found him in Dorval, Quebec. We expect to be seeing him soon.

Within the last few weeks there have been six or seven guys caught with brew or found drunk in the unit. They got themselves a few days to rest up and get away from the hustle and bustle of work. I understand they enjoyed their holidays in the Hole. . . at least they came back refreshed and ready for work.

I hear that "A" Range had a pass out last November but haven't had one since. I hope that things start looking up for you guys and that you get one soon. Best of luck, guys, you may need it....

I hear that "B" Range is supposed to go out on a fishing pass but there hasn't been a date set yet. I hope you make it, guys, good luck.

I understand from "Piggy" Melvin S. of "C" Range that they had a bowling pass the first week in April. Six guys went out on that one and they had a good time. They were taken out by PAUL M. and CRYDON W. and I was told they may be able to

get another one in August. Good luck, guys. Keep up the good work Paul and Crydon.

I understand from RALPH S. of "D" Range that they had a bowling pass on the 10th of June but that only two guys went out. It seems that only MAC their Range Officer would go along and that only two guys got passed for it.

"F" Rangers have been trying to get a pass for the last year but with no success. I am sorry to hear that, guys, but keep trying; there are still a few miracles around....

And, last but not least, "E" Range hasn't had a Temporary Leave of Absence pass since last August or September. From what I can find out it seems that one of the Range Officers won't take anyone, no matter what. I have been told that the other Range Officer would go but only if the other is willing to take part.

In this writer's opinion, there are only a few good Range Officers in Number Eight Unit. . . and I mean a FEW. It seems to me that there are very few Range Officers who don't think that because a person is in prison means that he has to be treated like an animal, without respect and common decency. These few Range Officers of whom I speak have good judgement and common sense enough to believe that the inmate is still a human being and deserves a chance to prove himself. These officers do what is in their power to help a fellow human being. These officers have compassion and understanding; they also have a deep sense of responsibility for their jobs and do it the best way they can.

It does this writer's heart good to know that there are a few good people still around, and I hope that the bad apples don't spread their ways to the good. If this was to happen, none of us will have a chance for anything. So, for these officers who try to do their jobs as best they can and treat the inmates here in accordance with how they behave, God Bless, and keep up the good work.

We held a PIZZA NIGHT back in May and we bought over \$400 worth, with the unit profitting \$40.00. There would have been more profit but a couple of guys picked that time to go to the Hole and the pizzas

had to be paid for out of the profits.

Well I guess that is about all for now. I will close with Best Wishes for a good summer and this short but true saying:

N-NUMBER

N-NINE

by Marty Smith

Well, hi there, everyone!

There isn't much happening in the unit right at the present time with regard to passes, because of the number of staff going on vacations.

Now for the good things. . .

We had a ball game in town against our unit staff and the inmates of NUMBER NINE won 32 to 13. They bought the pop after the game was over. They are saying it was the first time in the past 4 years that they were beaten by the inmates in the unit. We find this pretty hard to believe. The only way they could have beaten us is if they took out the lame and aged ball players in the unit. This year we just about tripled their score. They want a re-match against us. If we get the same team out again, they don't stand a chance of winning the game. The Most Improved Player was ALBERT WHITE, the oldest member of the staff's team. He caught me out 3 times in a row. The first one he

Strength without love produces the Brute

Love without strength produces the weakling

Therefore keep a balance

Peace cannot be found through conflict

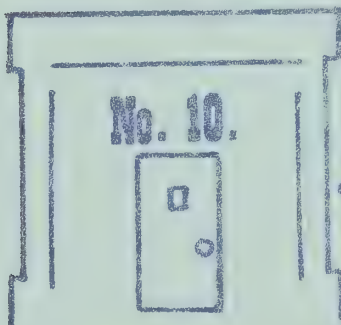
One good deed deserves 1,000 good intentions.

made a beautiful, diving catch in center field; he was surprised himself when he came up with the ball, because he was looking behind himself for the ball while it was in his glove. He also caught ERNIE CLARKE out twice in a row. You can imagine how sorry we are that he won't be playing in the next game. The staff will have to fill his spot in center field. They all fought a good ball game and say we won't have a chance of winning the next one.

Our T-shirt Sale will be completed by the time you read this, hopefully, having been a success.

We are planning to have another PIZZA NIGHT sometime soon. The last one we had went over very well.

Well, that's all folks. . . be talking with you next time. Until then, take it easy and Be Good.



THERAPY IS...

by William G. Wannamaker

THE SUMMER STARTED OUT ON A FINE note for the THERAPEUTIC COMMUNITY, with three consecutive wins in the penitentiary's TUG-OF-WAR match, giving us the title of BEST ROPE PULLERS IN THE JOINT.

With summer in full swing, the unit decided to pull the VEGAS NIGHTS we've been in the habit of holding whenever bucks were getting a little short, until the inevitable turn of the seasons. This was agreed to by the T.C. guys to allow more of our members athletic FREEDOM in summer sports events.

June was a time for giving for the T.C., with donations of home baked goods like cookies and brownies to four neighboring Senior Citizens' Homes, as well as the Shelter Home right here in Springhill. The gifts were very well received and we got a warm letter of thanks from our elderly friends.

We also had our QUARTER SALE in June. This one was a NATURAL FOOD AND PERSONAL CARE PRODUCTS SALE. Not only does this show me (and hopefully others in higher positions) the T.C.s concern for the

well being of the total population, but it also demonstrates the fact that the prisoners are aware of the need to treat their bodies with the respect they deserve. The general feeling of the people I talked to was that there is a need for more frequent sales of this type.

This is also a good time to thank our friend, BETTY B., for her extra efforts in handling the accounts when things got so hectic out front.

With July came a UNIT BARBECUE. With the master planning of MICHAEL B. and his Culinary Wizards, not even Mother Nature with her on-and-off temper tantrums could stop Top Cat from having one hellava good time and giving us one, too.

Well, the phrase "Hotter than July" was quite appropriate for some of the infamous "G" Range meetings of that month. In the presence of our eloquent DOCTOR RYAN, Head of the T.C., there was general concern expressed for the lack of communi-

cation by both inmate and staff. There was also some lengthy discussion on the Temporary Leave of Absence Program. The bottom line of it all was that some of the air has been cleared, and both inmate and staff are working harder at getting group T.A.s. Thus, with July gone, so some of the heat is off, too.

It should also be noted that the unit did receive two observers from Ottawa who seemed impressed with what they saw, and who seemed to recognize the need for progressive forms of incarceration and rehabilitation. We hope they see the need of more socially-oriented communities such as ours in more penitentiaries across the country.

A closing note of thanks to HANK DIXON for his time and effort in operating our unit CANTEEN for the past year or so. Hank resigned the post but not before being congratulated by the unanimous thanks of our T.C. members.

ELEVENTH HEAVEN

by bob eddy

IT'S PROBABLY ONLY ANOTHER VICIOUS rumour spread to confuse the ranks, but I was told that the COMMANDER, NUMBER ELEVEN's Unit Reporter, got scooped up by those pygmies he was always talking about. To hear him talk, one would think there was a whole band of pygmies lurking in the depths somewhere in Number Eleven Unit, and with his sudden and mysterious disappearance (almost without leaving a trace, not a clue as to who got him, what it was, or why) it is easy to believe that there will be more disappearances to come. One guy was telling me that it is getting so bad over there that if a ~~even~~ ~~it~~ were turned loose in the place he would go bananas trying to keep up with the trails, leading this way and that, trying to make up its

mind whether it was trailing Irving High Test or Newfoundland Bellow -- sometimes known as Screech, depending upon who has gotten into it.

Anyway, NUMBER ELEVEN is without a Unit Reporter; so, if there is someone even close to human over there who wants to take the job on, he should get in touch with one of the COMMUNICATOR guys. The pay is non-existent, everybody'll hate you, you'll be a target for every crazy walking around loose in your unit, staff'll be out to nail you if given the chance, assassination will become an everyday fantasy, and, on top of all those fringe benefits, you'll be bored stiff trying to duck every loonie who wants his name in print; but, other than that, it can be a fun gig.

AS I SEE IT



SCHOOLS FOR CRIME

by Joseph D. McNamara
The New York Times

SAN JOSE, Calif. — During the last 24 years, I have helped put a lot of young people behind bars. As arresting officer, police supervisor, and administrator, it has been my job to see that people committing crimes get arrested and convicted in court under our system of due process.

I recently toured a prison for juveniles and wondered if the whole criminal-justice process didn't belong in "Alice in Wonderland." For without early remedial training, most of these kids will simply "graduate" to penitentiaries. Because these "residents" are between the ages of 14 and 21, the institution is operated by the California Youth Authority and called a "school" instead of a prison. The residents are incarcerated behind wire fences under close control because they have been arrested and convicted of conduct that the California Penal Code describes as felonies, ranging from burglary to armed robbery to murder.

Touring this facility where hundreds of boys were locked up was depressing. The memory of too many innocent bloodied victims kept me from feeling that the punishment was too harsh. On the other hand, the waste of it all was appalling, and it is difficult to find a common explanation for their behavior. However, almost all of them are uneducated, barely literate, and never held a job long, if at all.

Most of the young men will "graduate" into the adult correctional system by simply committing new crimes because they never obtain the basic education necessary to get and hold a job. The pride and sense of achievement in holding a steady job keeps most young people out of trouble. Thus, reports of large numbers of urban school failures and high

teenage-unemployment rates are grim news for all of us potential crime victims.

A youth authority program has had some success in teaching inmates how to keep a job. Youths work in two nearby fast-food restaurants, gradually moving upward to the more important positions. At night they return to the institution. For the youngsters, remedial reading, writing, and mathematics instruction become more effective because they know that these skills are necessary to perform and advance in their restaurant work.

Making academic subjects more practical by blending work and school experiences for students can be achieved without creating new educational bureaucracies or expensive Federal programs. Urban high schools with failing reading, mathematics, and writing scores in national tests could be designated career schools, and private corporations could be given contracts to play a partnership role with these schools in teaching youngsters how to take their place in our job-oriented society. Students could be enrolled in work programs throughout their full school experience.

Some high schools offer good career programs now but they focus primarily on seniors. The habits of failure are developed much earlier. Motivating work programs are needed then, before the student falls so far behind that he or she becomes discouraged. They often drift into pride-destroying motivation-killing welfare systems, never learning to appreciate the dignity of work or develop respect for the rights and property of others. We are creating a failure-oriented, crime-inclined underclass.

Business costs could be defrayed by tax incentives and reasonable

reimbursement provided from Federal school funds. Additionally, the image of business would improve and the increase in skilled workers would help reverse declining productivity. No doubt, many in educational bureaucracies would resist giving business a chance to play a significant role in education. Nevertheless, the magnitude of urban high school failures mandates change.

Why should a policeman advocate such educational reform? Simply because the public comes to us frightened and victimized. It's really too late by then. The most we can do is capture a fraction of those school drop-outs who reject society's values and turn to crime. It is far more logical to question why

tax dollars support an educational system that produces so many dysfunctional graduates.

The human costs and dollar costs of present approaches are unacceptable. The continuance of the American economic and government systems is not automatic. If more and more young people reject our work values and fail to respect the rights of others, the quality of American life will decline dramatically no matter how many police, judges or prisons we add to protect us from the criminal alumni of our public high schools.

JOSEPH D. McNAMARA served in the New York police department, was police chief in Kansas City, and is now chief of police in San Jose, Calif.

FREEDOM—

IN A LONG BLACK HEARSE

by GREG WESTON
THE CITIZEN
November 1980

IF YOU PUT A FEW HUNDRED VIOLENT ANIMALS IN A CAGE AND ABUSED THEM UNTIL THEY BECAME DESPERATE, they'd probably start killing each other in frustration. Prison's no different. Violence is a way of coping.

MILLHAVEN INMATE

The NO EXIT sign on the narrow road leading into Millhaven maximum-security penitentiary is a grim reminder that for many federal inmates it's a one-way street.

Freedom is often found in the back of the long, black hearse.

During a nine day period last month, two Millhaven inmates were murdered and another barely survived with a dozen knife holes in his body.

During one day in September at nearby Joyceville Penitentiary, one inmate was stabbed nine times in the back and another was knifed twice in the chest.

On Labor Day, a Collins Bay inmate who would not share smuggled drugs, was tied to his cell bed, doused in lighter fluid and set ablaze.

All are victims of their own kind—social outcasts trapped in an atmosphere of depression, degradation and desperation.

TWELVE MURDERED DURING PAST YEAR

In the past 10 years, 53 inmates have been murdered inside federal prison walls—12 of them in the past year, a rate almost double any other year since 1970.

Almost half of those murders have occurred since 1977 when the report of a special Parliamentary sub-committee was to have ushered in a "new era" of control and understanding in the prison system.

In addition to confirmed murders, provincial police estimate they investigate at least 60 serious stabbings and other assaults each year in the five Kingston area prisons alone.

Prison officials consider it a lucky day if they solve one.

In-house killings are nothing new to the bizarre and twisted prison subculture which ironically regards the unofficial death penalty as the answer to just about anything.

Condemned are the rapists, child molesters and informers.

A rapist who recently refused protective isolation at Collins Bay penitentiary lasted three days in the general prison population before both his arms were broken and his jaw crushed.

Even in heavily-guarded isolation at Kingston Penitentiary, one of the men convicted of the homosexual murder of a Toronto shoeshine boy had a knife plunged into his neck.

MASS-CLUBBING GREETED PRISONERS

Millhaven has had more than its fair share of violence in its nine tumultuous years, opening in the wake of the Kingston Penitentiary riot with a mass-clubbing of inmates as they arrived at the new prison.

A few murders, a \$200,000 riot of its own and hundreds of knifings and assaults later, the maximum-security prison is now under its eighth warden in nine years.

Even to an outsider, from the moment the towering fence gates creak shut on their rusty tracks, Millhaven exudes an air of hatred, frustration and hopelessness.

A woman in curlers sits opposite an inmate in the visiting area, a dingy human fishbowl of glass, tile flooring and seedy cafeteria tables.

They glance periodically through the horizontal steel slats that someone has decided are more "humane" than vertical bars.

The two rarely speak. They show no emotion. They never touch.

An inmate in green prison garb lunges at a visiting reporter and screeches: "You want to know what it's like in here. Go to the humane society and listen to all the caged animals going 'yap, yap.' They'll tell you what it's like."

An enormous, cigar-puffing guard, his obesity bursting from the ill-fitting brown uniform, orders the inmate back to his cell.

He is one of the few guards not separated from the inmates by high catwalks and bullet proof glass cages punctuated with gun ports.

ROGER CARON, a federal inmate and author of the celebrated book GO BOY!, wrote: "By the time I had served one year, I was a mass of inner hostility, a bubbling volcano full of bewildering emotions."

LONGER SENTENCES BLAMED FOR VIOLENCE

In the new maximum security prisons like Millhaven, those "bubbling volcanoes" belong to increasing proportions of hard core criminals. Of roughly 285 prisoners at Millhaven, 107 are serving life sentences, 97 of them for murder.

"There used to be a good mix of violent and non-violent offenders at Millhaven," a highly-placed penitentiary official said. "But with longer sentences, we're getting a much higher proportion of the violent ones and that's bound to lead to trouble."

The birth of the 25 year mandatory sentence, a political saw-off in the capital punishment debate, has also created a new monster of desperation and violence.

In Millhaven alone, there are about 75 inmates who won't even be considered for parole before the next century.

"These guys especially have nothing to lose," said Ernie Lunn, head of the OPP criminal investigation in Kingston.

(There's another element of tension at Millhaven which few officials will talk about publicly. Growing tensions between Anglophone and Francophone inmates are thought to have touched off two murders within eight days of each other last month.)

One official said Francophone prisoners tend to stick together and try to take over control of the inmate population. "You can be sure we haven't seen the last of the violence because of it."

Millhaven warden John Ryan, however, denies there is any major clash between the two groups. "It's easy to spot someone who is French or Indian or black, and say that's why something happens. But there's no proof."

Fred Sweet is one of those inmates who won't be eligible for parole before the year 2002, sometime about his 62nd birthday.

Killing and prisons are to Sweet what work and vacations are to most people. Convicted of manslaughter at age 21 in 1961 and first-degree murder in 1978, he will have spent almost all his adult life behind bars.

By then, Canadian taxpayers will have footed a bill just in excess of \$1 million for his incarceration.

"Millhaven is never going to be anything more than it is today—violent. And in a violent place people get killed," says Sweet, a giant human being whose square jaw looks powerful enough to crush steel ballbearings.

SEGREGATION UNIT ONLY PUNISHMENT LEFT

"Sooner or later someone really grates on your nerves and you're going to have a fight. But if you're going to end up in SHU anyway (the prison's segregation Special Handling Unit), you're not going to fist fight with someone. You're going to kill him."

The segregation unit is the only punishment prisons have left since the abolition of capital punishment.

Like most Millhaven inmates, Sweet's home is a tiny cement cell with barely enough room to squeeze between the end of the army cot and the toilet. The frosted window looks out on nothing and the peephole in the solid steel door is for the benefit of the guards only.

Sweet says the prison won't let him put up a towel rack, get a bedside reading table or hang anything on the walls.

It's that kind of frustration — over the little things — that leads to prison riots and murders, Sweet says.

With a recidivism rate as high as 80 per cent in some institutions, no one talks about rehabilitation much anymore, especially for "lifers" like Sweet.

Millhaven spends almost \$1.5 million a year on industrial training programs to "prepare inmates."

But the meaning of preparing an inmate for release is somewhat lost on someone like Sweet who will be released a senior citizen.

"What am I going to learn a trade for? So I can be a retired welder when I get out?"

Everyone in the prison agrees Sweet, head of the prison's inmate committee, probably wields more influence among the inmate population than any guard in the place.

"Every year the screws (guards) start pushing us around this time hoping something will blow and they can work lots of overtime for Christmas," Sweet said.

GUARDS KEEP UP TOUGH REPUTATION

"But this year we said the hell with them. I told everyone (the inmates) there'd be no trouble this year. No way those bastards are getting their overtime."

Millhaven's reputation for the worst of the worst among inmate populations is seconded only by its reputation for tough-nut guards.

The Parliamentary committee report noted: "The early years of Millhaven (1971-76) were marked by the use of gas, shackles, clubs and dogs. . .let loose on inmates in the yard and in their cells.

"Inmates who were first shackled, sometimes hands and feet together, were then beaten with clubs, made to crawl on the floor and finally gassed."

"Now all that remains is abuse and harrassment."
And violence.

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TROUBLESOME PRISONERS TO BE SEGREGATED

by VICTOR MALAREK
Staff Writer
THE GLOBE & MAIL (Toronto)

Convicts that federal Solicitor-General Robert Kaplan calls "veteran plotters and the most dangerous inmates" will be segregated from the rest of the population in Canada's maximum-security penitentiaries.

Under the program, troublesome prisoners will be isolated, but will be allowed visitors and have limited contact with fellow convicts in segregation. Their movements will be closely monitored.

Mr. Kaplan said in a recent interview that long term segregation will replace involuntary transfers, a program aimed at preventing violent convicts from establishing themselves as ringleaders and bullies in the maximum-security prison.

He said that the program of involuntary transfers, the movement of dangerous prisoners from a maximum-security penitentiary in one region to one in another region, is "losing its effectiveness with some long-term and very difficult inmates."

He based his opinions on a confidential report of the hostage-taking last August at Laval penitentiary in Quebec. (A number of the hostage-takers had been transferred to Laval from maximum-security prisons in other parts of Canada.)

Although he talked about the report, Mr. Kaplan said he would not make it public because "it describes the problems of security at the institution."

He said the report raised in his mind for the first time that certain inmates are turning maximum-security prisons "into places of terror for some guards and a certain proportion of inmates."

Mr. Kaplan said there is "a certain undermining of the programs in the maximums by these individuals. They represent a danger to the guards which is very real. The one thing I've learned in the last few months . . . is that the guards do have a sense of being in great danger in the maximums."

"And so do inmates. I've talked to inmates who have been put in segregation because they were found carrying a weapon and they say they carry it to protect themselves from certain other inmates. And I believe them."

Mr. Kaplan said prison officials would try to identify a group of troublemakers and then determine what route long-term segregation would take.

"It would provide additional security for the guards, which is a concern of mine," he said. "It would also provide additional security for the general inmate population."

Mr. Kaplan said he realizes that the new program "sounds like a sort of reactionary thing to do. . . but I think it would permit us to do more and have a better atmosphere in the maximums."

"In a week, I'll be able to be more specific about what we come up with."

Prisoners' rights groups across Canada and convicts, especially those classified as maximum-security risks, have been fighting for an end to involuntary transfers because of their "devastating effects"

Convicts argue that, for example, when a prisoner is involuntarily transferred or "kidnapped" from Kent penitentiary in British Columbia and sent in shackles by private jet to Millhaven penitentiary in Ontario it makes it almost impossible for his family and friends to visit.



READERS PREDICT MORE UNREST OVER PRISON PROGRAM

The TORONTO GLOBE & MAIL

The Solicitor General's proposal to end violence in prisons by identifying and segregating "dangerous prisoners" (New Prison Segregation Program Start — Nov. 29) is no solution. It is repressive, it will be ineffective and it will only increase the opportunities for abuse of power, already a major source of prison unrest.

The 1976 Parliamentary Report on Penitentiaries, prepared by Solicitor-General Robert Kaplan's colleagues, made it clear the crisis in our prisons is due to the official lawlessness pervading them, under the guise of treatment and security. The latest proposal simply avoids the real issues. A system which tolerates official lawlessness inevitably engenders an amoral environment in which violence at every level should not be unexpected.

The recent reports of extremely brutal treatment of prisoners at Dorchester, including gassings and beatings, gave the public a rare glimpse of what seems to be tolerated in our prisons. Prison officials responded reluctantly and evasively to these reports and we have heard nothing further of the promised investigation. We hear only of the introduction of repressive measures such as this latest one.

Nor is the proposed solution likely to be fruitful. Social scientists agree that it is impossible to preduct individual violence with any acceptable degree of certainty. Such a measure simply permits the system to punish individuals, while blatantly disregarding the basic principles of due process. All that will be achieved is increased bitterness and anger among those prisoners who are segregated and further despair in the prison population as a whole. This can only aggravate prison unrest. Is the Solicitor General prepared to accept this responsibility?

Instead of such short-sighted, misguided measures, we need a more imaginative, humanitarian and common sense approach to develop a justice system based on principles of fundamental justice. Prisons are inherently oppressive. They are wasteful of human potential and social resources. They should only be used as a genuine last resort. The present unfettered administrative discretion in prisons must be brought within the law. Prisons

must operate under legally prescribed and humane conditions in an environment which fosters dignity, self-growth and responsibility, instead of hate and immorality. Prisoners must have access to the courts to seek legal redress when these rights are abridged. Prisons must be made genuinely open to public scrutiny, if justice is not only to be done but also to be seen to be done.

Dr. Edwin Webking,
Canadian Federation of Civil
Liberties and Human Rights Assoc.,
Ottawa

CLAMPING DOWN on prison violence

by DAVID MILLER
TORONTO STAR

Nov. 28, 1980

A new federal policy designed to stop the wave of murders, hostage-takings and violent crime that had rocked the Canadian penitentiary system is to be unveiled in Ottawa today.

Under the policy, the most violent and dangerous convicts would spend as much as the first two years of their sentence in virtual isolation, banished to special handling units and out of contact with their fellow prisoners.

"Something had to be done," an Ottawa source told The Star last night in reference to some of the most recent violence:

- * Three sleeping prisoners have been stabbed to death in their cells in the past three weeks at Canada's toughest maximum-security institution, Millhaven Penitentiary near Kingston.

- * Three prisoners held two jail guards for four days at Dorchester Penitentiary in New Brunswick in November and rescuers accidentally killed guard William Morrison.

- * Eight prison employees were held hostage for 72 hours in August at Laval Penitentiary near Montreal.

The new measures were decided in a week-long series of meetings between Solicitor-General Robert Kaplan and Corrections Canada commissioner Donald Yeomans, The Star has learned. Kaplan is expected to an-

nounce the measures later today.

Their discussions hinged on how to deal with the convicts who are most often involved in prison violence.

"These men obviously cannot join a prison population. Many of them are violent, dangerous and have nothing to lose. Now they can lose a lot," the source said.

Most prisoners now sentenced to maximum-security institutions are given the "benefit of the doubt" and allowed to join the general prison population.

But under the new criteria, Corrections Canada will:

- * Identify men with persistently violent records or potentially dangerous mentalities and banish them to special handling units as soon as they enter any of Canada's 10 maximum-security prisons;

- * Move prisoners out of medium or minimum-security federal institutions into the new isolation units if they exhibit any violent tendencies;

- * Keep the dangerous men in the handling units for a minimum of 24 months with a review every 30 days by a new board;

- * Allow the dangerous prisoners access to some rehabilitation programs and maintain some visiting privileges;

- * Transfer the dangerous prisoners into an internal probation program as soon as they are released from the special handling units. The parole program will allow guards to keep a special eye on them.

Dangerous prisoners will be alone in a cell and out of contact with everyone except guards and staff.

"Some criticism of the program is expected," said the source, "and Mr. Kaplan will invite comments from across the country. But we had to construct a program that falls somewhere between the people who want to let prisoners loose early and others who want to kill them."

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Officials Favor Death Penalty Or Parole

STE. ANNE-DES-PLAINES, Que. (CP) Prison officials, guards and convicts at maximum-security Archambault penitentiary here all agree: Replacing the death penalty for premeditated murder with a minimum 25-year sentence has added to the violence in Canada's prisons.

But in interviews conducted during a visit to the prison, scene of two hostage takings in the last 15 months, there was little agreement on how to solve the problem.

Michel Gilbert, an assistant director at the penitentiary, said federal legislation should be changed either to reinstate or allow for conditional parole after 10 years.

With the 25 year sentence, we are doing the only thing that should not be done to a human being, killing his hope.

He said prisoners serving 25 year sentences were not necessarily violent "but we can understand that these latter could become violent."

Gilbert estimates about 400 convicts will be serving 25 year sentences in Quebec by the year 2000.

'SCARES ME'

"It scares me when we think about developing programs for convicts condemned to long prison terms because there isn't a lid strong enough to stay on a cauldron like that," said Gilbert.

"The solution is not programs, or institutions made out of reinforced concrete, but a revision of the legislation to reestablish the death penalty or to go back to life sentences with eligibility for parole after 10 years."

Rene Gauthier, spokesman for the guards union at Archambault, blames the penitentiary's unusually high rate of violence on the large numbers of convicts serving long prison terms.

"Some 80 percent of the 30 or 40 prisoners serving 25 years at Arch-

ambault are violent, and the solution is to place them in a special institution for their own morale and for the security of other prisoners," he said.

Spokesman for the prisoners committee said that a man condemned to 25 years in prison becomes "automatically violent."

"Guys who have come here for 25 years and see the other prisoners who have become vegetables after 12 or 14 years of incarceration tell themselves they have to escape at all costs, even at the price of extreme violence," said one committee member.

"Ten years is not so bad," he continued. "The first two or three years of imprisonment is spent adapting, then there's hope. After eight or nine years there's the possibility of day parole, but a sentence of 25 years is 1½ times more."

Prison Violence

from THE TORONTO SUN

A GROUNDSWELL IS UNDERWAY TO ABOLISH the mandatory 25 year sentence for first degree murder, as various "experts" and humanitarians declare that the maximum sentence is a "time-bomb" that contributes directly to increased prison violence.

Exactly.

The issue has gone full circle. The late Prime Minister Pearson "unofficially" abolished the death sentence in Canada in 1963 and Prime Minister Trudeau "officially" banned it in 1976. The trade off, for those who felt death too horrible to contemplate for any sort of crime, was to lock the offender up and throw away the key.

Abolitionists consider it more humane to keep people in cages for life with no hope of release, than to execute them — not necessarily by rope, but by any means.

A few are finally coming to the conclusion that perhaps it is more cruel to keep someone locked up without hope than it is to execute them. Certainly the mandatory life sentence contributes directly to prison violence and hostage-taking. The hostage incident at Laval Penitentiary in Quebec is only the most recent example. Most of the nine convicts involved were lifers and had there been Capital Punishment in Canada, most would have been long in the grave and there'd have been no incident.

The Cage

Faces pressed against rock.

The Jailhouse has a lock.

Prisoners must abide

Or they remain inside.

Is this the way to go:

Treating humans so?

If men are not to fail,

While suffering in jail,

We need rehabilitation,

Not rank degradation.

© Jonas L. Goldstein
Canyon Country, CA

Our prison system is increasingly barbaric. By seeking to be humane and "liberal" we have inadvertently created monstrosities which breed more violence, the violence of desperate men with nothing to lose.

This effects other prisoners, the non-violent majority. And it effects guards, making them nervous, less resilient, aware that their lives are the ones endangered. Consequently prisons become more inhumane with less likelihood of rehabilitation. The idea of anyone being "cured" of crime in our prison system is increasingly ludicrous.

One common-sense solution would be to re-introduce the death penalty (by drugs, not by hanging) for murders of perversion involving children, sex, torture, and terrorist killings and contract killings. Why keep such people alive as catalysts for violence? It isn't humane, it is a form of unwitting sadism.

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RUSSELL P. WHEATON

Progress In Prison Programs

Letters to the Editor
THE GLOBE & MAIL (Toronto)

Re: "For a Prison System in
Desperate Straits" --
(preceding article)

I agree that the measures recently announced by the Solicitor-General regarding the segregation of dangerous offenders "are not enough," but it was never suggested this would be a panacea or a universal solution. This action was initiated in order to further reduce the incidence of violence and disruption within our maximum security institutions. In actual fact, in spite of some spectacular incidents the general trend of violence in penitentiaries has not been increasing.

However, the persistent intimidation and threatening behavior on the part of a handful of maximum-security inmates simply had to be stopped, in order that we could concentrate our attention on the planning and implementation of more productive programs and services, designed to meet the needs of the other 99 per cent of the inmate population. The introduction of such new programs, particularly in maximum security, will tend to serve as preventive measures which we hope will reduce the general level of hostility within the inmate population.

With respect to your suggestion that the Correctional Service establish separate institutions for sexual offenders, the Parliamentary Sub-Committee Report in 1977 recommended that "there should be several separate institutions for the treatment of sex offenders, since their therapy needs are distinctive from those of other inmates with personal disorders." The Correctional Service accepted this recommendation with every intention of implementing the program, but some significant problems have been encountered. The recommendation and your editorial raise the question as to whether the penitentiary is an appropriate setting for conducting treatment programs aimed at modifying the behavior of sexual offenders.

Specific treatment programs are currently available in our service's Ontario, Prairies and Pacific Regional psychiatric centres. The Correctional Service also makes use of treatment programs provided at the

Philippe Pinel Institute in Montreal. Programs in these facilities range from aversive therapy, to group therapy and individual counselling as well as chemotherapy. These programs are all administered on a voluntary basis under careful professional supervision.

It is proposed that specialized treatment programs for sexual offenders be initiated in the newly designated protective custody institutions, thereby reaching the majority of the 30 per cent not yet receiving treatment. Such an approach would be more economic in terms of human, financial and capital resources than the establishment of a separate treatment facility.

Your suggestion to construct a network of small institutions close to major urban centres is also echoed by the Parliamentary Sub-committee report. Over the past two years, we have, in fact, opened up three new institutions which have capacities under 200. Kent Institution in British Columbia has a capacity of 192, Edmonton institution has a capacity of 192 and the new Psychiatric Centre in Saskatoon has a capacity of 104. In May, we officially closed B.C. Penitentiary. One fundamental problem with building small institutions is that costs become prohibitive, especially if we are to maintain the level and sophistication of programming you are suggesting.

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For A Prison System In Desperate Straits

THE GLOBE & MAIL (Toronto)

Federal Solicitor-General ROBERT KAPLAN has taken a first, tentative step towards reform of Canada's outmoded, unstable penal system. But it is only a first step: although it is welcome, it is not enough.

Mr. Kaplan has announced that some inmates in maximum-security prisons — the "veteran plotters and the most dangerous inmates" — will be segregated from the rest of the prison population. At present, seasoned troublemakers are simply transferred to other institutions. According to Mr. Kaplan, this practice has been "losing its effectiveness with some long-term and very difficult inmates." In fact its shortcomings may well have contributed to the hostage-taking last August at the Laval penitentiary in Quebec. (We can merely speculate, as Mr. Kaplan has refused to make public his report of the incident.)

Mr. Kaplan has come late and haltingly to his recognition of the problems plaguing this country's maximum-security prisons. He has only recently discovered, for example, that these facilities can be "places of terror for guards and a certain proportion of inmates." Never mind that even a cursory reading of newspaper headlines in recent years should have led him to the same conclusion. It is reassuring to know that the Solicitor-General now recognizes that the problems exist.

By segregating dangerous inmates, however, Mr. Kaplan will be defusing only one of the many causes of prison violence. The scheme will make it easier for guards to monitor the behavior of habitually unruly inmates, and it will make it far more difficult for such inmates to prey upon or foment discontent among the general prison population. But there are other characteristics of Canada's maximum security penal facilities that are perfectly capable of creating discontent, and desperation, and violence. Mr. Kaplan should turn his attention to these — and quickly.

He should preside over the establishment of separate facilities for sexual offenders. The necessity for such a reform has been painfully — fatally — obvious for years. The absence of such facilities has contributed to the deaths of we shudder to think how many men. It has compelled judges to sentence sex offenders to absurdly light sentences merely to insure that they not be incarcerated in federal penal institutions, where they would be placed at the very bottom of the totem and face almost certain attack. If Mr. Kaplan achieves this reform and no more, he will be revered forever.

But there are other reforms that must be implemented. Mr. Kaplan has spoken of the need for more ambitious and more sophisticated vocational and academic programs. He should strive for their establishment. Indeed, the whole range of rehabilitative programs in maximum-security prisons is inadequate, a shortcoming that could be eased by replacing these hulking institutions with a network of smaller facilities, located nearer to major urban areas where the personnel, the expertise and the equipment for proper rehabilitative programs could be provided.

Royal commissions, task forces, review committees and criminologists have been arguing since 1938 that maximum-security prisons in Canada are too large, and that their size contributes to disorder and violence. Mr. Kaplan has recently declared that the size of the institutions has no bearing on the matter, but he has done nothing to substantiate that claim (except refer to yet another report which, again, he refuses to release). His position flies in face of common sense, it defies 40 years of accumulated argument from experts — and he appears to expect that it be accepted on faith.

Surely, Mr. Kaplan can do better. In fact, he will have to. The dark, troubled condition of Canada's large penal institutions will leave him no choice.

Opposed Prison Report, Group Says

Letter to the Editor
THE GLOBE AND MAIL

Re: Mr. Kaplan Knows (Sept. 27):

The members of the Mohr Committee signed below were invited to Ottawa to meet with the then Solicitor-General, Jean J. Blais, and the Commissioner of Corrections some months ago to discuss the future institutional building program of the department in relations to our report.

We were shown copies of the departmental report to which Mr. Kaplan refers but had no opportunity to analyze it in detail at that time. We opposed its conclusion that smaller size was not a factor in regard to institutional management and the future community adjustment of released inmates, which we believed would be positively affected by reduced size and new design.

We questioned the validity of making generalizations as a result of a very brief study of two institutions, namely, Mission in British Columbia, which had only recently opened, and Warkworth in Ontario, which had been opened and in full program for several years. We also questioned the qualifications and correctional experience of those making the study and arriving at its conclusions. It should be noted that neither of them was a maximum-security institution.

We were told in no uncertain terms both by Mr. Blais and the commissioner that the decision had been made, on the strength of this departmental report, to increase the size of the new institutions on grounds of economy and the findings of the report. It was implied that we could not prove our arguments statistically and that the correctional experience and professional training which we had brought to our study were not sufficient justification for any change in the new proposed departmental policy.

It had been our understanding that the recommendations of our report in regard to the size and design of the new institutions had been accepted as government policy and had been supported by the Parliamentary Committee on Justice and Legal Affairs under the chairmanship of Mark MacGuigan. Hence apparently it had been regarded as a competent report and of considerable significance.

We strongly support your editorial calling for this departmental report to be made public for general scrutiny and for analysis by those qualified in research methods particularly in the correctional field.

We are not asking the two departmental members of the committee to join us in this statement.

J.W. Mohr,
Chairman of the Mohr Committee
and professor of Law and Sociology
at Osgoode Hall Law School,
Toronto

W.T. McGrath,
Executive Director,
Canadian Association
for the Prevention of Crime,
Ottawa

A.M. Kirkpatrick,
former executive of the
John Howard Associations of
Ontario and Canada

Lionel Beliveau,
Institute Philippe Pines of Montreal



MARCOLIANI'S

AMHERST, N. S.

MEN'S, LADIES' & CHILDREN'S CLOTHING,
FURNISHINGS AND FOOTWEAR,
ALSO HOME FURNISHINGS

Supports the COMMUNICATOR

Mandatory Supervision Law Needs Overhaul: Officials

by Karl Poltzer
the Kingston Whig-Standard

LEGISLATION SHOULD BE PASSED to overhaul mandatory supervision — the system under which convicts are released from federal prisons — because it is not working, the acting senior member of the National Parole Board in Ontario said yesterday.

Malcolm Stienburg said that mandatory supervision of convicts in its current form is failing the needs of all elements of the Canadian justice system, including the parole board, many police departments and the convicts being released to the street.

CHANGES NEEDED

Responding to questions at a meeting of a Collins Bay Institution convict group, Stienburg said that "certain features" of mandatory supervision should be changed, but he would not give specific examples, because the law is under review in Ottawa.

Prisoners throughout federal jails and members of the John Howard Society favor abolishing mandatory supervision altogether.

Since 1970, when the law was enacted, prisoners denied release on parole have been required to serve the last third of their sentences under mandatory supervision. The conditions governing both types of release are the same and include reporting to a parole officer.

Before then, inmates could have their sentences reduced by one third for good behavior, and be released without any supervision.

GREATEST CAUSE OF UNREST

The existence of mandatory supervision "is the greatest cause of unrest in prisons today," prisoner GEORGE WATSON told Stienburg and Al Beaupre, the second parole board member who fielded a steady stream of questions at the prison chapel yesterday.

In an article in the Whig-Standard in April, GRAHAM STEWART, executive director of the Kingston John Howard Society, said that releasing convicts on mandatory supervision is coercive and often is a set up for returning them to prison.

Although mandatory supervision was intended as a way of helping ex-convicts readjust to life on the street, many of them are apathetic or hostile to parole officers assigned to handle their cases.

One-tenth of the 10,000 prisoners in federal jails have been returned to prison for violating the terms of release on mandatory supervision without committing an additional offence under the criminal code.

TECHNICAL VIOLATIONS

Such technical violations, for example, can involve failing to report to a parole officer, drinking or moving out of town without permission.

Watson argued that because it cost more than 40,000 a year to keep a person in a federal jail, Canadian taxpayers are paying dearly for technical violations of mandatory supervision. And he likened jailing a person for technical violations to "sending a battleship to sink a canoe."

Mandatory supervision robs prisoners of time they earn for good behavior and holding jobs in the prisons, Watson said.

Under prison regulations, convicts earn five days of remission each month for good behavior and 10 days each month for working. This remission amounts to roughly one third of a sentence and a person should be completely free of supervision after two thirds of his time is served, said Watson.

But when the release date arrives, Watson said, "earned remission isn't earned remission after all. A prisoner finds himself under the jurisdiction of the national parole board, which didn't want him out in the first place."

"Why does the parole board have the power to take away a man's earned remission?" Watson asked the two board members.

"The parole board does not put anyone under mandatory supervision. The law does. This whole program was not our choice," Stienburg replied.

DECLINE IN PAROLE NUMBERS

Stienburg said that the implementation of mandatory supervision was one factor in the statistical decline in the number of paroles granted during the past decade.

"With the advent of mandatory supervision in 1972, the convicts who earlier would have been released on a very short parole were not being granted paroles. Mandatory supervision was picking up those

cases (automatically)," Stienburg explained.

While 2,310 paroles were granted in 1971 across the country, only 1,617 paroles were granted last year despite a growing prison population.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Just to keep the facts straight: It was National Parole Board members who spent hundreds of thousands of dollars lobbying from coast to coast as far back as 1966 in order to convince the Canadian public and legislators that mandatory supervision would be a panacea for crime and the handling of offenders after release.

They also lobbied for longer prison sentences, claiming that the longer sentences would aid them in rehabilitating convicted offenders. They are now stating that they were unaware at the time of the negative effects this legislation would have on prisons and prisoners. Many people see all of this in terms of it being just one more example of social technicians legislating controls for the sake of giving themselves more authority over others, which is just another way of saying, more jobs, bigger budgets, more empire building....



SHU 97719



By Gary Livingston.

Criminals And Crazies: The Next Experts?

A GROWING NUMBER OF PEOPLE ARE COMING TO FEEL THAT OUR CURRENT EXPERTS in social science have lost by default. For instance, it has taken nearly a century for professionals in the field to admit that poverty and hopelessness can be major factors in depression and mental illness. They have failed to understand the nature of the many breakdowns among their colleagues, and persist in defending values which historically and inherently have led to the the breakdown of many cultures.

There is today a growing base of self-help groups in the country which not only provide cost-effective and empowering care among people in need, but which establish an unquestionable pool of experiential knowledge. As people experience and grow away from violence and madness, they become potential resources for coping with some of society's greatest problems. Unfortunately, they also become a threat to a system of recognition based on jumping through difficult, but highly circumscribed hoops. While it is surely as difficult to graduate from prison or the nuthouse, the basic nature of those institutions invalidates even the best of grades, and school is currently deemed the only acceptable path to an acceptable standard of social reality. However, many people, including professionals, are coming to see that rigid guidelines are inadequate in a diverse and constantly changing world. In several states, the System has been warily flirting with ex-mental patients and offenders as "consumer advocates" who are now invited to sit on various legislative panels.

The responsibility implied by such historic recognition is enormous. At the moment, ex-patients and offenders are at odds: ex-patients tend to feel freer to be militant, having yet to legally transgress and having a stronger case against incarceration for non-conformists. Ex-offenders, on the other hand, are aware of having done actual damage, and are inclined toward a more moderate course. What both future experts have in common is a mandate to be better than their oppressors, to provide solutions that will teach, not threaten. The root problem is paranoia, not who's in power, and care must be taken to not convert old experts into new Criminals and Crazies.

Brooklyn, N.Y.
November 11, 1980

Sledgehead And Company:

A REVIEW BY KERRY HOLLAND

THE OPENING BARS OF A BLUES-ROCK standard exploded from the speakers spaced around the stage of the auditorium as the first concert in many years was performed here by cons for cons one Saturday afternoon in May.

SLEDGEHEAD AND COMPANY may be the only prison band in Springhill's short history to have put on such a fine performance with such limited time to practice their set. This may be attributed to the fact that each musician in the band has attained a fair degree of professionalism, due mainly to their own perseverance with their respective instruments.

Leading off in his usually smooth form, PETER SIWIEC alerted a few would-be hecklers to the various amplifiers and p.a. columns that could substitute as pacifiers for the more juvenile in the audience; and, to the more receptive in the crew on the floor, these selfsame tubes and wires served as a pleasant stimulus.

GREG STEVENS laid down rough and raunchy vocals to the Stones' "Sympathy for the Devil," "Johnny B. Good," and "Born To Be Wild." His lead riffs were just as powerful but with a smoother style, except when he cranked out the runs in songs like Warren Zevon's "I'll Sleep When I'm Dead" and "Who Do You Love."

BOOTS BOUTIN provided solid rhythmic guitar and showed us what

slide-guitar is all about on his solo in "Johnny B. Good."

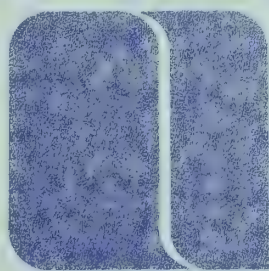
PAT HAWCO, while staying mostly in the background, contributed heavily throughout the show with his driving bass runs that kept the audience's feet tapping. His bass run on "Born To Be Wild" was especially excellent.

SERGE DELANEY was a real surprise to those of us who knew that he had only joined the group a few days earlier. His heavy percussion was rarely off, and his solo on Bo Diddley's classic, "Bo Diddley," was exact right down to the last tom.

And where, you might ask, was PETE SIWIEC? He was taking care of everything around, between and during the performance is where. His vocals on "Bo Diddley" and "Sweet Little Sixteen" were as powerful as any I have ever heard. His voice on the ballads kept those of a more foot-stomping temperament still in their seats (for the moment, anyway).

All in all it was an excellent concert attended by about 250 guys; no doubt more would have showed up but were lost to the holiday tournaments in the gym...or should I say, they lost out....

By the time you get to read this, they will have performed a second concert scheduled for the end of June. All I can say about that show at this point in time is, save a front row seat for me.



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Treaty Exchange Clause Poses Problem

VANCOUVER (CP) — John Clifford was convicted of robbery in Texas and expected to serve five years in prison. But, Clifford, who took part in a Canada-U.S. prisoner exchange treaty, now is facing 45 years behind bars in Canada for the offence.

And the 30-year-old Hamilton native blames the Canadian government for the situation because authorities did not tell him or other prisoners of how it would interpret an obscure clause of the exchange treaty.

Convicted of robbing the same Texas supermarket twice at gunpoint two years ago, Clifford was given an indeterminate sentence of five to 45 years by the Texas court.

Indeterminate sentences, which are not used in Canada, are a U.S. experiment aimed at providing an incentive for prisoners to co-operate with authorities, thereby gaining an early release.

Shortly after his sentencing, Clifford applied under the treaty to serve his sentence in Canada.

"The way it works in Texas, I would have served maybe five years and gotten out," he said at an interview at the Kent Maximum Security prison in the Fraser Valley east of Vancouver.

"My mistake was coming back home," he said. "I figured the (Canadian) Solicitor-General would take a more humane view and do away with the indeterminate part, but what happened was I crossed the border with five years and wound up with 45."

He said he was told he was being given the full 45 years, rather than the minimum five years or anything in between, something he was not told when he applied for the transfer.

"This was something that was never even contemplated in Texas and you can believe that it came as quite a shock to me."

Pat Carey, head of the solicitor-general's sentence administration branch, acknowledges that prisoners didn't have all the information they needed when deciding whether to transfer.

But despite the lack of information, Carey said there was nothing he could do to help Clifford or others caught by the treaty, which provides that the full American sentence be considered a Canadian term, even if the sentence is not expected to run the full term in the U.S.

"I'm absolutely convinced that this is a gross miscarriage of the treaty and totally contrary to the intentions of the sentencing judge," said Kent warden John Dowsett.

Elizabeth Arnold, Clifford's lawyer, said her client could have expected a four-to-six-year term with at least two years off for good behavior if he had been convicted in Canada.

She said her priorities are to get Clifford transferred out of maximum security, push for an early parole, try for a pardon in Texas courts and find an opening to challenge the government's interpretation of the sentence.

Clifford who is taking university courses and working in the prison carpentry shop, says he is bitter and frustrated.

"Canada is supposed to be a shining example of a free and enlightened society," he said.

"But what kind of freedom and enlightenment is there when minor bureaucrats can change and lengthen sentences imposed by a court of law? The powers that be are trying to bury this issue and me along with it."

Canada Accused Of Rights Violations

OTTAWA (CP) — Canada will go before the United Nations Human Rights Committee this year to defend itself against allegations that a 1977 parole law is violating the rights of 800 federal prisoners.

Solicitor-General Kaplan says justice department lawyers have told him it is unlikely the committee, when it hears the case, will find that Canada has violated the United Nations Covenant on Civil and Political Rights.

But Progressive Conservative and New Democrat critics aren't so sure. They note that the committee decided last July 25 to hear the case, an indication that it is taken seriously.

It arises from amendments to the Parole Act passed by parliament Oct. 15, 1977, to provide that when a federal prisoner's parole is revoked, the time he has spent outside prison on parole counts as time served.

Liberals fought off Conservative and NDP efforts to make the change retroactive, and the result has been longer sentences for many of the 800 not covered by the change because their time on parole does not count as time served.

Conservative MP Flora MacDonald and New Democrat Svend Robinson have indicated that their parties would support such a change if it is proposed in amendments expected this winter.

But Kaplan has given no sign that such a change is planned. He has suggested that the conservatives and New Democrats want him "to just open the jail doors and let those 800 people out before they have completed serving the sentence on the basis that we calculated it."

MacDonald, contending that they are being held unjustly, asked Kaplan at a Commons justice committee session how he rationalized the

better deal prisoners sentenced after Oct. 15, 1977, are getting on parole.

He said that parliament decided against a retroactive change.

MacDonald replied: "The Liberal majority decided against it."

The United Nations covenant says that if a Parliament provides by law for the imposition of a lighter penalty, the offender is to benefit. The case against the Parole Act is that 800 offenders aren't benefiting while 8,000 others are.

Kaplan says that even if the United Nations committee finds that Canada is violating the covenant, the government won't consider itself bound by the finding "because we are a sovereign country."

But Robinson says: "If we are bound by international law, then it is illegal." He added that everyone but the liberals feel the prisoners are being done an injustice.

'DROP PAROLE REINS'

by LORRIE GOLDSTEIN

Staff Writer

THE TORONTO SUN

Supervising prisoners on parole is useless to society and should be abandoned, a Queen's University law professor said yesterday.

Prof. Allan Manson told a Toronto seminar sponsored by the John Howard Society that parolees should be released on their own recognizance without conditions.

"If a man is going to rob a bank, he's going to do it whether or not you require him to appear once a week before a parole officer," Manson said.

He said the key issue parole boards must decide is whether the prisoner is a danger to society.

"If the parole board feels it hasn't gotten its pound of flesh then they should keep the man in jail, not give him a conditional release," Manson said.

Parole officers should still be available to provide counselling to the parolee, but only if he or she requests it.

If a parolee is convicted of another crime while he is on parole, Manson said, then the judge should impose a stiffer sentence than he would for a first offender.

But a National Parole Board Member and a veteran Metro policeman also addressing the seminar said Manson's idea would invite abuse by parolees.

"People tend not to be accountable unless there's some immediate ramification for their actions," said Staff Sgt. Douglas Lewis, head of Metro Police bail and parole unit.

"You can deal with parole violators swiftly through the parole system. It takes a very long time through the judicial system."

National Parole Board member Allan Beaupre said Manson's idea wasn't feasible.

"What he's saying is do away with the Parole Board and I don't agree," Beaupre said, adding parole boards exist to remind the parolee that his freedom depends upon his fulfilling certain commitments to society.

Besides, Beaupre said, most criminals get an early enough chance at parole as it is.

He told the seminar he recently turned down parole for a convicted cocaine smuggler sentenced to nine years in penitentiary who became eligible for parole after serving only nine months of her sentence.

"I voted against parole because I didn't think nine months out of nine years was a deterrent," Beaupre said.

Juveniles Never Learn From Jail: Social Worker

by SUSAN RUTTAN
THE CALGARY HERALD

NO JUVENILE, EVEN ONE WHO HAS COMMITTED murder, should be locked up in an institution, a social worker told a conference here Thursday.

David Turner, professor of social work at the University of Victoria, told a conference on juvenile justice at the Carriage House Inn that putting problem juveniles in correctional institutions gives probation officers and social workers "a real breather," but can do serious harm to the youth.

He cited a case of one young man who was taken from his home in Victoria for a minor offence and sent to an institution several hundred miles away for six months.

During the six months the boy lost all contact with his family, and when he left the institution the contact was never renewed. The boy got drunk and committed murder in Port Angeles, Wash., Turner told the well-attended gathering.

He said from 1969 to 1977 British Columbia had no official juvenile containment centres. Since 1977 four have been established, and

roughly 100 young people are detained there.

An Alberta delegate to the conference said 165 juveniles are detained in this province.

Turner said a 1979 review of the B.C. detention centre policy found 45 percent of young people were there inappropriately. One-quarter of those in detention were Indian or Metis, five times the percentage of native people in the B.C. population, he said.

Developing alternatives to detention centres takes energy and money, he said, but it can be done. For the most serious of young offenders it may mean round-the-clock supervision by social workers, he said.

For other problem youths it means establishing support programs in the community which have a control system built in, said Turner. If a young offender runs away from home, for example, he must know he's almost certain to be picked up by police and taken right back home.

The conference ends today.

Not By Prison Alone

by DAVID C. LEVEN
The New York Times

NEW YORK STATE MUST EMBARK ON A course of ending unnecessary imprisonment and developing and expanding meaningful alternatives. The financial and human costs of imprisonment are far too high, and effective and less costly alternatives are available.

Despite attempts to improve state prisons, they remain a disgrace. They do not carry out their primary mission, punishment, in a way that is likely to facilitate good behavior. They do not deter crime. They do not protect society.

They are universities of crime where humans are caged and treated more like animals than citizens who have made mistakes. They are violent places that breed fear, suspicion, distrust and racism. They are severely overcrowded. Many are ready to explode as did Attica in 1971. They have failed to fulfill their original purpose and are incapable of being rehabilitated.

Given the conditions of our prisons, their inherent failure, and their extraordinary costs, does it make sense to build more cells and to continue to incarcerate large numbers of nonviolent, nondangerous people?

Unnecessary imprisonment could be eliminated for thousands of people in New York State. Approximately 30 percent of those confined in our state prisons have been convicted of nonviolent felonies. If there were suitable alternatives available, most of them would not be incarcerated. Elimination of the mandatory prison penalties of both the Rockefeller drug and second-felony-offender laws by the legislature could help reduce unnecessary imprisonment. Our penal laws are not effective in dealing with social problems or personal behavior. Thus, the decriminalization of drugs and consensual acts could reduce unnecessary confinement.

There are several existing alternatives that should be greatly expanded and by relatively small appropriations. One is the intensive supervision program of the New York State Division of Probation. The long range objective of the program is to reduce the state prison population by providing intensive supervision and intensive services. The state is footing 100 percent of its costs rather than the present 42.5 percent reimbursement to counties for regular probation programs. The program operates in 25 counties, involves every major city including New York City, and has only 2,600 probationers participating. Offenders selected are those who are "most likely to fail," most likely to be convicted of a new offence or to abscond, to receive an unfavorable discharge for one reason or another, or to violate their probation and be resentenced. Based on the risk-assessment instrument developed for use in the program, these offenders had a 75 percent chance of failing in any of these ways. Yet preliminary studies of the program are reported to show a 10 percent failure over the first year. Only 7 percent of those who failed and were convicted of a new offence went to prison (compared to 35 of similar population usually sent to state prison upon failure). Also 57 percent of those newly convicted remained in the community (compared with 22 percent remaining in the community for a similar population not participating in the program and 43 percent usually sent to jails).

At least 500 persons in the state prison population are virtually identical statistically to those participating in the program. The program should be expanded to include this group of people who are now inappropriately confined.

Community-service orders is a second alternative that the state should consider using. Offenders are required to perform a service for the community in a public or private agency for a specified time. The work could be unpaid and could be scheduled so as not to interfere with regular responsibilities (employment, school).

Third-party advocacy is an alternative: A responsible citizen or program agrees to provide one-to-one assistance or access to other services for the offender. Offender Aid and Restoration operates third-custody and third party advocacy programs. Increased state funds should also be provided for this alternative.

Imprisonment is an ineffective,

less-than-humane way of dealing with offenders, and should be used only as a last resort. There are ways of working with persons who have broken the law that take cognizance of their worth as human beings, that are less demoralizing to the spirit and are less costly than prisons.

We must stop our continuous overuse of prisons and begin to deal in a more constructive, humane and less costly fashion with our fellow citizens who have broken society's laws.

If we care about human life and human dignity, if we truly care about protecting society, we must now begin to take steps towards reducing our prison population and to focus our efforts on expanding and creating meaningful alternatives.

DAVID C. LEVEN is Executive Director of Prisoners Legal Services of New York, which is sponsored by the New York Bar Association.



Are You Hip That.....

This column will appear each issue, edited by JOYCE A. COVINGTON of MODERN CARTOONING publication. We hope you enjoy the provided general and historic information, complete with every fact imaginable. . . . and some you've probably never even dreamed of.



* Clams live as long as 150 years (assuming they're not made into chowder). They do not show aging signs and remain sexually active (?) throughout their lives. In fact, Dr. Ida Thompson of Princeton University is uncertain as to whether a clam has ever died of 'old' age.

* Napoleon placed his hand inside his jacket for other reasons than for keeping warm. . . he had an ulcer, and upon a doctor's suggestion he would press on the area to relieve pressure.

* A hill of beans (besides being an ugly mess), say, 50 feet high with a diameter at its base of 200 feet would have a volume of 2,467,250 cubic feet, or 165,248 bushels. At a price of \$6.50 per bushel a hill would be worth the healthy sum of \$1,107,164 and some change. . . and that ain't hay!

* The fattest domestic cat, according to the GUINNESS BOOK OF WORLD RECORDS, 1979, is "Tiger," a long-haired, part-Persian weighing a plump 43 pounds.

* A rabbit snoozes quite a bit, in fact, they pile up 16 regularly spaced naps spread over a twenty-four hour span of time.

* The word KINDERGARTEN in German means: A children's garden. This term applies to schools in which very young children are taught. The system was begun by a Mr. Frederich Froebel, 1840.

* The longest pencil is 7 feet long. Made by the oldest pencil company, Cumberland in England, this heavy marker weighs a mere 15 1/4 pounds with a one-inch thick lead.

* During an average life span a man will spend a total of 3,350 hours (139 days) in the simple act of shaving his beard. If a man started shaving at age 18, by the time he is 73 (provided the blade lasted that long), he will have shaved off a total of 27 1/2 feet of beard.

* Out of 300 million T-shirts sold in the U.S. each year, the term "T-shirt" didn't originate from the garment's T-like shape, but from the 17th-Century longshoremen who wore collarless shirts with short sleeves and round necklines while unloading tea off ships.

* Five out of every 100 men actually develop crazy eating habits when their spouse becomes pregnant. . . some eat chocolates while shaving, some eat potato chips with ice cream, and a few nibble on bar soap.

* The largest cartoon ever exhibited was one covering five stories (50 ft. by 150 ft.) of a University of Arizona building. It was drawn by Dr. Peter Kesling for Mom'n'Dad's Day, 1954.

* Dromedaries are known as one-humped domesticated camels (Dolly Parton, eat your heart out!). These camels are used as beasts of burden in Northern Africa and Western Asia and are also known as Arabian Camels.

BIA-BANQUET

by bob eby

THE BLACK INMATES ASSOCIATION HELD A CELEBRATION BANQUET ON SATURDAY, the 4th of July, the same day our fellow North Americans across the border were celebrating their 205th year of independence. The B.I.A. were gathered to celebrate their ninth year of existence at this medium-security prison. . .freedom was a concept only barely mentioned.

Being of African descent in this country tends to distinguish you from most of the people around you, if only by the fact of the difference in skin colouring; but another feature which tends to set many Blacks apart from their fellow Canadians is what I think of as their "sunny" temperament. Walking into the auditorium on the 4th of July only reinforced that prejudice in me. . .the room was sunnier than I had ever seen it. There were clean, white tableclothes with numerous live, potted plants on each table. The stage was set up for a group to play later and there was quiet but lively music wafting its way through the groups of people standing and sitting around getting acquainted. As is usual at this out-of-the-way, medium-security institution, there were a lot fewer guests than expected — I was to later learn that this was both the fault of guys in the B.I.A. not taking care of business and getting people cleared through the regular channels in time, and it was also said there had been a bit of "sticking strictly to the rules" go down with regard to clearing people to visit on the part of the Visits and Correspondence staff. However, it was obvious that those who did manage to get in were pleased to be there and were happy to bring themselves, to share with folks they care about.

The afternoon began with an introduction by ALLAN CHASE, who did a good job introducing the people who spoke, handling himself both respectfully and in a manner sophisticated enough to get his points across without appearing to be running anything.

REVEREND LARRY BELL of Amherst delivered the opening prayer, asking that love be the basis for interaction during the afternoon's activities, and blessing the gathering for what he said he hoped would be a continued state of existence.

ALLAN CHASE then introduced two guests representing the NEIGHBORHOOD WORK ACTIVITY PROGRAM in Halifax, to give a talk on what their program does and how it can benefit inmates returning to that community. ALLAN DWYER supported his presentation with a slide production and was assisted by EDISON MORASH of the same program. Mr. Dwyer emphasized that their program did not do for others what they should be doing for themselves, but they operate on the principle that they are there to assist people in developing their own self-esteem through learning skills and doing things they themselves feel are worthwhile. He also went on to say that people at the gathering could benefit from utilizing their program as part of a parole plan to gain themselves early release.

FRANCIS MILLS of the BLACK UNITED FRONT was introduced. From the moment she took the podium, it was obvious she is a lady of respect in her community. She addressed the men and boys in the room as "sons" and went on to mildly chastise the group for not having done their homework when it came to having their visitors' lists in proper order. She very quickly explained that B.U.F. is engaged in finding funding arrangements for a number of provincial projects directly related to Black community problems. Her manner on stage suggested that she had come to visit with individuals on a one-to-one basis and that she was intent on doing that. She spent no more than five minutes addressing the group, before she was back enjoying the people around her and spreading a warmth felt by many.

ALLAN CHASE then presented REVEREND LARRY BELL with a gift glass stain for his continued support of the B.I.A. Mrs. Bell won a glass stain door-prize.

And, of course, wherever CROXON and the FLINT BROTHERS are there is music going down. RAYMOND FLINT on lead guitar and vocals, ALVIN CROXON on drums and vocals, JOHNNY FLINT on bass guitar and vocals, and GERRY YOUNG taking up the slack on rhythm guitar laid down some good and funky sounds when they took the stage, performing for a solid half-hour, livening the gathering up with numbers like The Commodores', "Easy Like A Sunday Morning," Kool and The Gang's, "That Funky Stuff," and Lou Rawls', "Talking About the Ghetto" -- just to name a few of the eight or nine numbers they performed. They were a high point in the day -- a group who, if given adequate practice time, could get it together enough to perform professionally.

It was at about this point in time that JOHN HENDERSON, one of the Kitchen Stewards, supervised the setting up of a buffet he and his staff had prepared for the occasion. It was an excellent repast and the kitchen staff deserve credit for having taken such care in ensuring a tasty and colourful presentation.

ALLAN CHASE then introduced the featured guest speaker of the afternoon. He was RAYMOND SHEPHERD, a second-degree black-belt, karate instructor of Tai Kwon Do, a teacher of Black history, and a man who is in the process of becoming a Dartmouth police constable. Mr. Shepherd began his presentation by telling the gathering how comfortable he felt among the guys, that their friendly attitudes towards him created a good atmosphere. He pointed out that he had never served a prison sentence and that this was his first time inside a penitentiary. He went on to jokingly say that he might come in at a later date "undercover." His presentation was "street" in the sense that he rapped with his audience, laying down quick and insightful riffs about Blackness and what it means to feel Black, rather than just looking it. His audience appreciated his jokes about "jive-assing" and "uncle-Tomming." There was no barrier in communication here. He pointed out that 40-45% of all Black men and boys experience contact with the police at one time or another in their lives, and that 15% actually serve prison sentences. The odds the System sets up are against Blacks, he said, and this is the reason there are so many Black men and boys incarcerated. He linked this to the fact that most Black people are oppressed at one level or another, called everything from "niggers," "coloureds," "Blacks," to what he said they should properly be referred to as Afro-Canadians, the same as Japanese-Canadians or other ethnic groups are called. He put a lot of emphasis on Black men and boys having to upgrade themselves and work at being better people. People who are honest and hard-working, people aware of their cultural roots and differences. He spoke about Whites as being the oppressors, making no distinctions between those in power and those without power, those who are bigots and those not. He explained that all Whites feel guilty because of what "they" did to the Black man and this explains both the animosity of some whites and what he called the patronizing of others, with guilt being the basis for all Black/White relationships. He stated that Whites had to be "brainy" people because they had succeeded in getting Black people to discriminate against other Blacks, getting Blacks playing off against one another. He used the historical fact that a Black man had been sold as a slave in Nova Scotia in the year 1909, to demonstrate that Canadians should not feel free of the collective guilt of having oppressed his people. He explained that Black history should be used to make oneself more aware of who one is. He also stated that White women are attracted to Black men because "being on the arm of a Black man makes them feel more secure than a White man does." He theorized that White women are attracted to Black men because Blackness was made a "bandwagon issue" during the Sixties and that for White women, having a Black man to show off gives her status in terms of her having rose to the "challenge." He suggested that Black men dating White women is something which shouldn't happen, because the Black man should remain with his own race, thereby repaying the Black women who have suffered to be strong and supportive of their own men. He said that Black men and White women mixing only adds to the Black man's problems. For Mr. Shepherd, "Black is not having to get in the mood to sing the blues...." He suggested that the B.I.A. seemed to be doing a good job in the institution, but that they should be more involved in after-care kinds of activities for their membership. He continually emphasized Black pride and getting oneself together, physically, mentally, and emotionally.

He told the gathering that he was looking forward to bringing in some Black Belts from his class to demonstrate the power an individual can develop through learning to control one's body to the extent that it can be a weapon if needed. He suggested that when one knows what power he possesses through the exercising of self-discipline, the kind of discipline needed in the martial arts, there is no need to go around blustering and looking for trouble — the person possessing this poise and power does not need to be forever proving himself. . . he knows who he is and what he can do. He stressed that out of this kind of discipline comes a more respectful attitude towards one's fellows and towards neighboring communities. "We have to learn to help one another, like many of us have been helped," he said.

The afternoon closed with there being no opportunity to discuss Mr. Shepherd's address with him because of the imposition of "Time to go. . . Time for a Count!" There is no denying that those in attendance enjoyed the afternoon and I expect there will be a BLACK INMATES ASSOCIATION here for a long time to come, a group who has its ups and downs like any other, but one who at the very least knows how to have a good time.



FILE THIRTEEN

"HEY, MAN, MANY IN THERE?"

That's what you'd likely hear if you were passing S.I.S. (Institution Services and Supply) any afternoon at dinnertime.

"Yeh, it's full to the rim, says a dude that's standing outside the building, waiting for the snake-like line to shrink enough so he can get through the door.

Well, I truck to the end of the line -- which starts where the guys at its front are passing their laundry in through a protective Plexy-Glass shield. From the way the staff dude is going at the guys in the line, I get the feeling this whole exercise is more for his personal pleasure than anything else. But, anyhow, I trip up to the start of the line, 'cause all I've got is a few dirty towels and wash clothes to turn in -- six of them, actually; even though they only issue two per inmate. I pass in two towels and a face cloth. The screw behind his protective shield says I only gave him one towel. After a minor argument, he gives me my second one. (I say to myself, "Shee-it, all that for a lousy towel!")

Well, after a few more guys trip through with their gear and have their minor difficulties, I take two more of my towels and pass them in. Surprisingly, I get my two towels back hassle-free. Wow! A feat in itself.

Well, I think, all I've got left is two towels and two underwear. Up I go again, pass them through the four inch gap between the staff's shield and the wooden counter top. The screw passes me one towel back and one underwear; so I say, "Hey there! I gave you two of them. . ."

He says, "I only saw one!"

I repeat, "I gave you two. . ."

He says, "Too bad!"

By this time I'm getting kind of gagged, considering that it's about 100 plus degrees and we're shoulder to shoulder, and it's nearing one o'clock time-to-go-back-to-work. I try to be nice -- it ain't easy, but I try. I say, "Sorry Sir, you're mistaken. I know what I gave you" (Trying to get it settled as quickly as possible so the dudes behind me can get in. They are growing impatient, too.)

I turn to the inmate who is working behind the glass, alongside the screw, and I say, "Hey, Man, What did I give him? -- knowing that I was right but just hoping that the second opinion would straighten things up.

He says, "I can't say a word!"

At this my patience runs too-too short, and I say, "LOOK! I gave you two underwear and two towels, okeh; so let's have my gear. I can't handle this crap!"

The screw says, "Too bad! But that's all you're getting."

By this time my patience totally runs out and I get real MAD and say, "Up yours! you jerk, I got six anyhow, so suitcase it!" It was here that I beat the feet before the little weasle could have me grabbed and before I muckled onto him and bit his head off. Everybody in the line laughs and off I go....

Later that night, the inmate who was working the window comes up to me and says, "Sorry, Man, but the screw had already warned me twice about saying anything...."

I asked him if he knew how many I'd turned in, and he said, "Two of each...."

He goes on to tell me that even before the screw gave me my one towel and one underwear, he gives the inmate who's working the window one of them stares that says, "You see nothing or you'll see the dreaded HOLE!"

So, I figure that I'll write this just to see that the rest of you out there and in here can see just how things work around here. I mean, what is this crap where a guy who handles the stuff can't even call it as he sees it. Is an inmate's word that worthless? If a screw were shanked, or something like that, and a furry inmate fingered one of us, his word would be like gold, wouldn't it! We're put here to be rehabilitated, or so they say, yet our word ain't worth nothing, ain't worth the effort to speak up. And if we do, we wind up in the Hole for some phoney charge, like Disturbing the Careful Order of the Inmates.

So, please, tell me just what this crap is.

P.S. I'd sign my real name but then they'd search my drum and I'd have four less towels and a charge to boot. . .so I'll sign off anonymously.

Still short my towel and underwear. . .Ripped off, as I see it.

Signed: Half Dry and Bare Assed

Number Eight

Malcolm V and The Sick Parade:

Rock'n an' Roll'n A Review

by Willie Karmannaker and David Dunn

A Sunday evening early in July brought MALCOLM V and THE SICK PARADE to our auditorium. The group, made up of "The Count," MALCOLM V (a.k.a. GREG STEVENS) on lead guitar and vocals; BOOTS BOUTIN on guitar and vocals; SERGE DELANEY on drums and vocal accompaniments; and PAT HAWCO on bass guitar and vocal back-up, are all guys from out of our own population here. But, from the way the more than 300 people in the auditorium were reacting to their presentation, you'd have thought we had the Rolling Stones on stage.

I was late getting to the show, so whatever introductions were made on the front end of the concert, you'll have to excuse me for not being able to convey to you. When I did walk in, I got slapped in the face by a bunch of rock'n mothers. "Johnny B. Good," was rock'n right at me. It was the first time I ever went to "Sick Parade" and it wasn't a drag....

There was some nice electric guitar laid down in "Let's Dance," and by the time this number was applauded out, the band seemed quite relaxed and ready to boogie. This was followed by "You Can't Always Get What You Want" and "Can't Get No Satisfaction" by the Rolling Stones. There were some serious sound problems rendered minor by the professional treatment GREG STEVENS gave them, and it became very evident that the band were out-playing their equipment; in other words the show lacked the proper gear. MALCOLM V and THE SICK PARADE compensated for this somewhat by their addition of a semi-circle background wall to help channel the sound down to us in a more efficient manner.

PETER SIWIEC was summoned from the audience to do a couple of numbers. Pete's depth blew 'em away: such abandon, such a lewd and provocative act, with knock 'em down, drag 'em out vocals that would do Warren Zevon proud. Peter was gett'n down, with numbers like "In the Morning Dew," "Honey Child," "Tobacco Road," and, on an encore, "Sleep When I'm Dead," entrancing the audience. I've realized from looking into his eyes in the past that there was always Someone Home, but Peter the Rock Singer I had never met. He was working out and loving it.

GLEN THOMPSON then presented the One, the Only, FAST LOOSE with a phallic-shaped, peanut butter cookie trophy mounted on a board, for duties above and beyond the art of trumpet playing. LOOSE acknowledged it, accepted it, and then kissed it. He was wearing bikini, day-glow underwear, and flashing his 90 pound physique. Then, after returning from backstage wearing a white mop wig in contrast to his naturally dark tones, he started move'n and strutt'n as fine as any stripper I've ever seen. I thought he was going to pull the roof down, knocking us all on our ear.

Some of the other outstanding features of the concert were: the solid drumming of SERGE DELANEY in "Born to be Wild"; hearing a favorite of my own by J. Geills called, "Over Again," which displayed fine lead guitar by The Count; hearing a decent version of Bad Company's, "Honey Child" and Chuck Berry's, "Roll Over Beethoven" and "Foxy Lady" by Jimi Hendrix.

While listening to the band do "You Can't Always Get What You Want," I couldn't help but realize the irony of their performance and their lack of quality equipment. Such concerts and the participation needed to put them together illustrates perfectly the reciprocal value of these kinds of efforts for the general morale of the entire population. Such efforts deserve more recognition and better equipment.

COMMITTEE NOTES:

by bob eby

BUSY, BUSY, BUSY. . . that's what the INMATE COMMITTEE has been over the last few months. Contrary to popular mythology ("I mean, inmate committees don't do nothin', Man....") the Inmate Committee at this institution does make a contribution to what goes on in the way of getting certain kinds of things done.

For instance, on a daily basis, and sometimes more than once a day, the Inmate Committee Chairman is in and out of NUMBER THREE Administration Building, taking individual cases up with the Administration there. Cases like, "Hey, Man, I've been trying to get Them to let me out of that shop. They've got me stuck in, but nobody'll listen to me. Shee-it, the dust is drivin' me crazy. . .like, I've got asthma, Man, and it's gettin' worse. Think you can help me?"

And, even though the Inmate Committee Chairman can't go running into Three Building like he owns the place (he can't even get feeling comfortable in there, if you know what I mean) during the few short months that I've been "Acting" Inmate Committee Chairman while our regular Chairman is recuperating from a long weekend in Newfoundland, I have never been turned away from getting in the building, and in most cases the arguments given on a guy's behalf have fallen on attentive ears. We've even managed to get some things straightened out. . .at the very least, the Administrator gets to hear that someone besides the guy with the problem is interested in his problem. Quite often, that's all it takes.

The Inmate Committee, working closely with the Sports Committee and JIMMY MacDONALD, the Sports Commissioner, has been involved in the sports program, doing everything from helping find money to get a 100-Mile Joggers Club started through to helping coordinate the ordering of movies.

The most involved bit of work the Inmate Committee has been most recently involved in, and probably the project which will have the longest and most profound long-term effect on this institution's future experience, is the drawing up of the Inmate Committee Constitution. This constitution is a set of laws and guidelines as to how the Inmate Committee at this institution is to function. It clearly lays out the Inmate Committee's duties and responsibilities, both to the prisoner population here and to the institution as a whole. It explains how the Inmate Committee must operate and gives ways and means as to how an incompetent Inmate Committee member can be legally removed from office. Like any set of rules or laws, guidelines, whatever, they are only as good as they are made to be. The Constitution itself is a good one. . . it is up to the Inmate Committees of the future to use it to best advantage. And it is also up to the population of this prison to see that the Inmate Committee is living up to what the Constitution says it must. The Warden demonstrated his support for the Constitution by spending many hours in many meetings with the Inmate Committee, debating with the writers of the document, and then when he ratified it by signing it into existence.

Another aspect of the Inmate Committee's involvement over the last few months is the work which went into organizing and providing for the 13TH ANNUAL SPRINGHILL FIELD DAY WEEKEND. The Inmate Committee played a supporting role to JIMMY MacDONALD and his Sports Committee -- GERRY BENNETT in Number Eight, CHARLIE DAVIDSON in Number Nine, DUCKY GAGNON in Number Ten and JOE DALRYMPLE in Number Eleven -- when they went to work to put on this year's Field Day Weekend. The Inmate Committee provided \$2,011.00 which was spent putting on the weekend's activities. The money was used in the following manner:

Golf Singles; Handball Singles; Horseshoes Singles & Doubles;	
Racquetball Singles & Doubles . . .	\$ 120.00
5 Weight-Class Weightlifting Tournament . . .	\$ 75.00
Slo-Pitch Tournament . . .	\$ 200.00
Tug-O-War Tournaments (2) . . .	\$ 110.00
28 Field Day Events . . .	\$ 611.00
Pop for everyone . . .	\$ 260.00
Workers' Appreciation Costs (24 workers)	\$ 100.00
Carnival Booths (3) . . .	\$ 300.00
5 Medallions for Major Trophy Winners	\$ 45.00
1 Novelty Eventist of the Day Prize . . .	\$ 15.00
Movie, "Coal Miner's Daughter" . . .	\$ 175.00
TOTAL EXPENDITURE FROM GENERAL WELFARE FUND . . .	<u>\$ 2011.00</u>

The Inmate Committee thanks the FOOD SERVICES DEPARTMENT for the day-long BARBECUE where MARTY SMITH and JOHN DIONNE prepared 2,500 hot dogs for the starving masses.

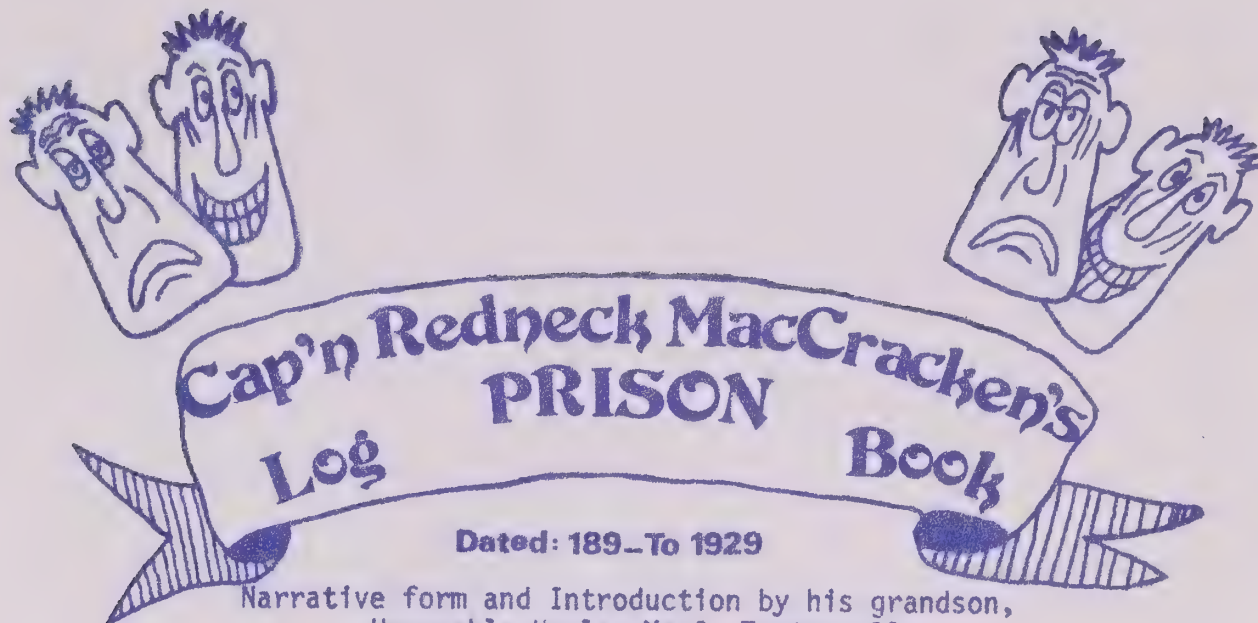
The RECREATION DEPARTMENT is thanked for their active participation in the FIELD DAY WEEKEND and for their cooperation with the SPORTS COMMITTEE in their efforts. The Recreation Department, even though this was "our day," paid for the charcoal and put up \$250.00 to purchase the Standing Trophies. The SPORTS GANG is also thanked for the extra work they did in preparing the field for the weekend's activities.

Even SCOTT PAPER CANADA got into the act when they loaned us their front-end loader and operator to fill in the Water Hole for us.

AMOS GOGAN helped out with his tractor and operator in preparing the track for us, as did KEN BIGELOW, the Maintenance Carpenter Supervisor, when he loaned us SHAWN BOOMER and VANCE ATKINSON to build our Carney Booths. SHAWN and VANCE did a really good job.

Guys like DAVID CROSSMAN, the Field Marshall for the Day, and DAVE TOWLER, who handled the Novelty Events for us, are thanked for the fine job they did.

But, most of all, you, the guys who came out and who managed to have a few hours of enjoyment, and who gave us the support everyone needs when dealing with large groups of people, are thanked. We, the Inmate Committee and Sports Committee, enjoyed working for you, and we look forward to more opportunities to do a decent piece of work, while helping make everyone's days here a little better than they would be if someone didn't at least try....



by EUGENE DANIELS

All characters, events and locales are f(r)ictional but are drawn from the author's acquaintanceship with real people mostly dead, real circumstances and shifted locales. The barbarian customs, practices, attitudes and conditions referred to herein are true, and taken from the author's personal knowledge of and experience in sundry jails and prisons, and from documents and photographs some prisons take no trouble to hide.

The name under which the author writes is a nom de guerre, and aptly so. It is hard to visualize sane people alive nowadays who can know of similar brutalizing conditions existing in some present day prisons and not scream for reform of penal policies. As all informed sources know: There are many ways to skin a cat.

But he mocks the scars who has not felt the wounds.

MY MATERNAL GRANDFATHER WAS KILLED AT THE RIPE AGE OF 89, SHOT THROUGH the chest by a youthful escapee he had "tree'd" with the help of "Chuckie," his 15 year old Dalmatian which was also shot. He was one of the last of that raw, lively breed of men who took law and order seriously, though sometimes with tongue-in-cheek and a twinkle in his blue agate eyes when "nobody wuz hu't much an' it wuz triflin' anyhow."

The estate he left behind amounted to a four-figure sum in trust for me at 21. He gave my parents the homestead outright when he agreed to "modified" retirement at 75, wanting to pay his own way and not be a burden.

He would sit in an old rocking chair at the far end of the porch, chewing tobacco, staring out dreamily towards the new Interstate a mile off, which cut across the northern pastures, deep in his memories good or bad. Sometimes he'd pound the chair arms delightedly; often I'd see a wistful smile. Sometimes I'd see tears rolling down his leathery wrinkles and I'd sidle up beside him and silently put my hand on his shoulder to let him know he wasn't alone.

He'd jerk around at me, clear his throat and bluster a bit, then run his forefinger like a violin bow under his nose and ruffle his gray handlebar mustache, a thick facial foliage of which he seemed overly fond.

Rufas Redfern MacCracken wiped his cheeks, grumbling, "I was at it agin, eh, boy?"

"That's alright, Grandpa." I leaned over and kissed his cheek. "What was you remembering this time?" He could sure reminisce, bringing people and events at the turn of the century into sharp focus for my eleven year old mind.

"Wasn't rememberin', Tadpole," he corrected me with a troubled frown. "I wuz sorta. . ." he raised both hands and pushed outward, pointing distantly, ". . .sorta project-i-fyin', I guess y'd call it an' I don't like whut I see."

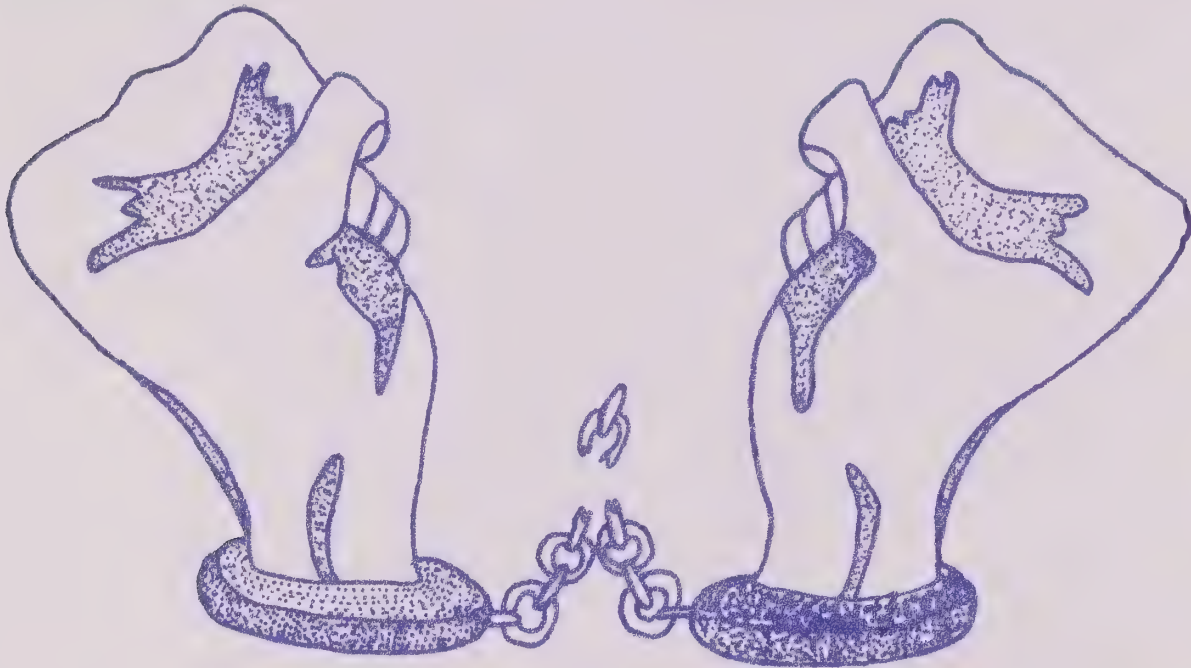
My eyes grew wider. "A vision?"

"Yeh. Reckin you could call it that. Well, you recollect what I tole you about — uh — number 213. . . ."

"Yes," I replied quickly, excited. "Duke Hawkes. You said you could just about tell what he was thinking and when he made his move you were waiting for him but. . .but I think you left out a lot."

Grandpa smiled bleakly, nodding his head, his eyes drawing up in pain it seemed like. It had been almost two years since he'd spoken of Duke Hawkes, an olive-skinned dark-eyed bandit, whose Robin Hood exploits echoed across the Territory. However, Hawkes had no merry men followers. With white, flashing teeth, he chose the Owl Hoot Trail alone, posing in many guises as he rode a black, white-stockinged stallion he called "Chuckles." Until he fell into seduction of rich wives and daughters, sometimes in beds next to snoring husbands, the hue and cry for his head was in hushed tones.

Of course, Grandpa soft pedalled this aspect of Hawkes' derring do, regaling me — a wide-eyed kid — with tales of daring, well-timed robberies with almost cat-like insouciance, followed by hair splitting getaways. Hawkes tempted fate like a prodigal, and treated fortune like a strumpet — once too often.



Just prior to his capture, Hawkes caught wind of a "double-barrelled" rape, attributed to him, of a cattleman's wife and daughter. Later, posing and garbed as a prominent eastern cattle buyer, he solicited the rancher atop his stallion, remaining as a guest for a three-day tour and ingratiating himself at all levels. The ladies were charmed; in fact the daughter was smitten with heart flutterings, regardless that she had suffered bad usage by him ten days before he arrived. With deliberate indelicacy, yet well timed to coincide with his quick departure, he raised the rape issue and revealed his true identity over his last evening meal. In short order, Hawkes set matters straight: with no make-up or disguise, and remaining three days under close scrutiny, the women folk had not identified him.

As to whether an actual "rape" had taken place, he left that to the rancher to determine.

Grandpa caught first sight of a bruised and beaten Duke Hawkes arriving at the Territorial Prison on the monthly "chain." Barred wagons making prearranged circuits all over the territory arrived with ten prisoners chained together through cuffs about their necks, wrists and ankles. Grandpa had served his apprenticeship for three years as boss of a chain gang — or "honey wagon" — and even as a free man his work and responsibilities taxed all his resources. He carried all court and commitment papers; he had to see to the feeding and care of prisoners en route, using his own discretion when and if to work prisoners, for whom, at what, for how much. Sometimes he had to haggle with a suspicious landowner to accept a Territorial "chit" for two dollars for sufficient food when work was hard to find. But, sometimes grateful farmers tipped the prisoners extra money for gathering a full harvest on time, for exceptionally hard and dangerous work, or, exceptionally good work. Often, too, he discharged short term prisoners miles from nowhere, handing them a diploma-like paper when they signed a receipt for three dollars "gate money."

Hawkes had been a so-called problem, a "troublemaker," since he had made the chain in Peak City where he had been convicted and sentenced to 18 years

for robberies. All wagon masters were issued horse whips to enforce discipline pretty much as they saw fit, and Hawkes fought the system. He hated the chains. He couldn't sleep or half-way protect himself from mosquitoes, bed bugs and hybrid roaches. The cuffs chaffed his wrists and ankles, and the quarter inch chains lacerated his shins when he worked. The cuff about his neck rubbed blisters under his chin and on to his shoulders. His sweat stung like acid; a relentless summer sun heated his neck cuff until he thought his head sat in an iron skillet, and flies feasted on open sores.

The prison itself was an exchange point for sickly or incorrigible prisoners, also for those with less than two weeks left to serve and who preferred prison discharge to leaving it to random release from the wagons, perhaps mid-prairie. Some in prison transferred to the wagons because of growing claustrophobia, or to duck enemies when getting short; some had visions of outside vicarious sex; others were thinking a chance to escape would come more easily. Some would ask to return inside from the wagons because of not wanting to be discharged in the middle of nowhere, more'n likely farther from home or where they wanted to get than was the joint. Then, also to be considered was the fact that some socked away a good-sized poke the usual run of overseer wouldn't mind depriving them of. The con would be discharged at some outta the way place where the overseer's cahoots would be waiting ambush.

Grandpa said he noticed three overseers and the warden gathered about Duke Hawkes, gesturing and protesting. When the warden caught sight of Grandpa, he called him over.

Grandpa touched his hat. "Yes sir?"

The warden wasted no time, using a rolled up whip to point. "See that thing, MacCracken? He's yours."

"Beggin' yer pardon, Warden, but I got a full complement."

His superior's eyebrows raised. "Already? That wuz quick!"

"Oh. . .not much problem, sir. I lost four. Three fellers I had before come back, an' one new guy — kinda young."

Anger suffused the warden's face. "Well, pull one of them in exchange for Hawkes here and give yours to Bradley. You got yourself a handfull."

"Beg yer pardon agin, sir, but I can't work a man in his shape."

The dry, dust-laden air seemed to heat up with crackling ozone. The warden glared; three overseers and Duke Hawkes stared wide-eyed, mouths dropping open as if by signal.

"You like yer job, MacCracken?"

"Put that way, Warden — not 'specially. I wuz looking fer a job when this 'un up and flew in my face and sat on my chest." His listeners were too dumbfounded to interrupt, so he continued flatly: "My eyeballs tell me he's got some infection, and he's bone skinny. Besides, you tole us all that we were responsible for any exchanges we agreed to make."

He faced the warden's glare and tight lips for silent minutes.

"MacCracken," he breathed, "You must be stupid. Yessir, a boneheaded idjit. Look around, now. Do you see any shortage of conviks?"

"No sir. There's right smart of 'em here. Over two hundred, I reckon."

The warden grinned with shark-like pleasure. "Well, now, who do you think would give a fancy damn if a few of 'em disappeared from time to time an' never showed up agin?"

Grandpa said he spit a long stream of tobacco through clenched jaws.

"I hear'd tell of that here. . .an' back home in Tennessee. . .of padding the log books with those who "died" of snake bite, of cholera, tryin' to escape and of even natcheral causes." He paused, chewed thoughtfully and spat again. "I tole you from the start I don't hold to abusin' a man, that I wasn't going to make piles of money on his sufferin' and sweat. My logs an' accounts have been checked. I'm clear. If I don't suit you, just say so."

"Are you gonna take that ornery bastid or not?"

Grandpa glanced at Hawkes, who returned a knowing smile, and for a moment time and space seemed to telescope behind Grandpa's eyes enabling him to view curious blurred images of extremes past and future. His neck hairs prickled, he shivered and felt goose bumps.

"Wake up, MacCracken. . .yes or no?"

Grandpa raised his eyes. "Sure, I'll take him."

"And work him? 'Til his ase drags, I mean."

"Yessir." Grandpa tongued his plug of tobacco.

"Well you'd better grease up yer whip. Sometime next month I better see improvements in yer crew."

"Oh. . .I'm sure there will be improvements."

The warden laughed heartily, slapping him on the arm. "That's the ticket. . . ."

'Arf- and -Arf'--A Look at the R.C.M.P.

by Lou Vertolli
Toronto

The war between law and order and crime has reached a standstill, due mainly to the Royal Commission of Inquiry into Organized Crime. No one can say the Inquiry was a waste of time, effort, or money. The Commission's findings are concise and to the point, as their edited 10,000 page transcript shows. There will be no doubts as to the importance of the Inquiry, once someone has read the transcript.

It became apparent organized crime was frightened by the type of material that could have been gathered by the Commission, whose members were frightened at the possible implications of the material. Everyone breathed a sigh of relief, though, when it was discovered that the material was only polyester. Pietro Tanna's grandmother made a nice pair of pants for him and everyone went home happy, but not before she boxed Tanna's ears when he complained the pants were too baggy.



The following day the Tanna Bakery's lawyer, Sol Smith, issued this statement: "I hope the public is satisfied that our people are concerned with the welfare of the state. Our files show we have slightly over 500 employees. We, then, are doing our fair share to relieve unemployment and inflation in our fair nation. Just one month ago Belangier and Sons Ltd. tried to gain a monopoly in our line of work, but we rationally convinced them of the importance of competition in a free enterprise system."

Within a month of the Commission's findings, however, rumour had it that Tanna was trying to bring the other syndicates together under his leadership. This possibility brought the infamous Royal Canadian Mounted Police on the scene under the guise of Alias Herbie Green, a French Canadian undercover agent posing as a black American dealer of drugs. He left headquarters to go to the Tanna Bakery, presumably to buy two loaves of French Stick Italian-style bread, the end of one protruding from his mouth.

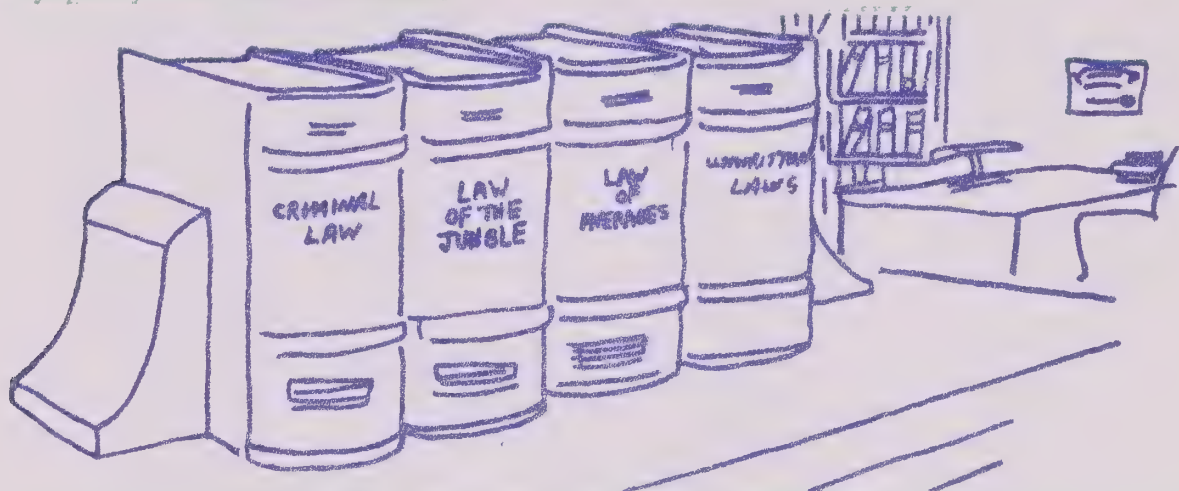
The R.C.M.P. decided to get tough, so they sent three men to a punk rock dance. The men hurled vicious slurs at the singing group, known as Fido and the Fire Hydrants, two of whose members replied by spraying the Mounties with a rather noxious liquid. A fight quickly ensued during which Fido announced that tea and cookies were going to be served shortly. One of the undercover men responded by saying he did not like short cookies and gently stroked Fido's stomach area with one of his knees. Meanwhile, the drummer of the group, sometimes affectionately referred to as "The Drummer" and at other times angrily called "The Drummer," was doing the Pogo dance, an intricate piece of movement loosely based on the rumba. When his pogo stick landed on one of the men in red, the audience let out a loud ecstatic cry. The finale saw the Mounted Policeman rush out of the building with the lead guitarist's scalp, as the crowd cried for more, but there was no denying

the officers did a good job: They got the entire scalp and later sold it to Bobby Hull.

Oddly enough, this scare tactic didn't frighten the Tanna syndicate, who responded by sending two hundred of their men to the same punk rock dance. They demolished the entire building, leaving only a rubble. The media took exception to these incidents and blasted both groups for their attack on innocent people — some of whom had nothing to do with the enmity between the two factions.

A war was brewing, but the people at Molson's refused to say when they were going to market it even though they had samples available. By this time Alias Herbie Green had recuperated to the point where he was able to take command of the case notwithstanding the valiant effort by the Molson's people to defend the two-four. The beer gained Herbie's seal of approval. On passing out, he said, "It is no good to pass out."

The crime fighters tried approaching the problem from a new angle. Plans were formulated to send two men, each with investigative technical machinery — a letter opener and a copy of Charles Templeton's Act of God — to Marseilles to discover the Mob's connection in Europe. However, the employees of Lever Foods Limited were on strike causing the Canadian airport system to shut down, as well as Canada Post, whose employees walked out in sympathy for their brothers.



It was at this time that the Canadian government went to bat for the Mounties, as the case against organized crime was playing havoc with the annual R.C.M.P./F.B.I. softball game. The government quietly passed a law allowing the Mounties the opportunity to intercept and open any mail, in order to stack the deck in favour of the policemen against criminals. So quietly was it done that the leader of the Opposition, who was addressing the House on the question of government secrecy, didn't realize it was passed. The same held true for the members of his party, many of whom were still at the softball game. The law was designed to protect the freedom and liberty and peace of Canadians because, as the Cabinet minister explained, the freedom and liberty and peace of Canadians are what Canadian laws are all about and woe be to the ones who get in the way.

With the aid of this new law, the R.C.M.P. finally reeled in their big catch, Pietro Tanna, and ended up disgraced. Tanna had attempted to pressure the government into revoking the law by pleading his case to the United Nations under the Civil Rights Code. But this step failed when the U.S.A. and Canada vetoed all discussion on the matter. The Mounties, meanwhile, unearthed an incriminating letter. It contained a lot of dirt and gravel, as well as mentioning the syndicate's involvement in murder, robbery, drug deals, prostitution, and the new, but lucrative activity, harkloaning.

In the trial which followed it was discovered that Tanna and the other members of organized crime were working undercover for the R.C.M.P. to prevent real organized crime from getting a foothold in Canada. Keeping this mirage intact meant having a large budget set aside every year. The suggestion also came forth that the entire Progressive Conservative Party was working for the Mounties so that the Canadian public had the semblance of a democracy. The Tory leader vehemently denied such a possibility. No other Conservative was available for comment.

The Mounties came away from this scene with a tainted image. No one is saying what has happened to Pietro Tanna. He was found innocent of any wrongdoing and was last heard profusely thanking those shrewd legal minds working on behalf of the prosecution. Some Canadians are still riled at the outcome, clamouring that legal action be taken against the Red Coats, but most are apprehensively awaiting the findings of the Royal Commission of Inquiry into Organized Legal Enforcement.

JED

by PATRICIA HOLT

THE LIGHTS, THE DAMN BLAZING LIGHTS, it was six-thirty, time to get up. Jed Walker reluctantly pushed himself up and crawled out of bed.

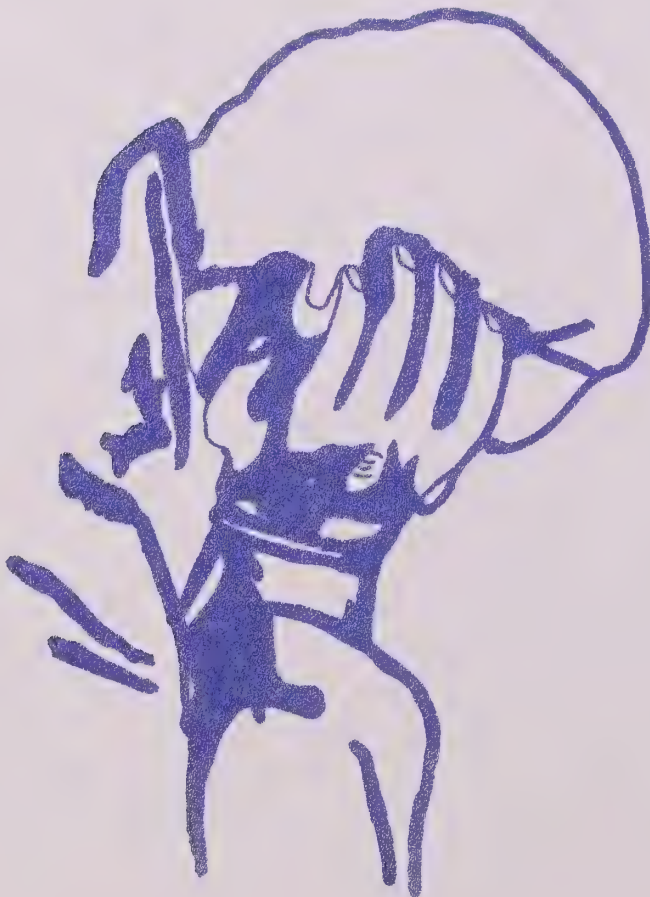
The smell was horrible, a sour sickening odor. Was it the unsanitary commode or the smell of desperation? Jed wondered if all jail cells smelled the same. He stumbled over to the sink and turned on the water — icy cold water, good enough for a con. He picked up the small sliver of soap, careful not to waste any. The County jail was stingy with the small, square bars. Jed rinsed out his dry mouth with water. No toothpaste, maybe his daughter, Sally, would send money today.

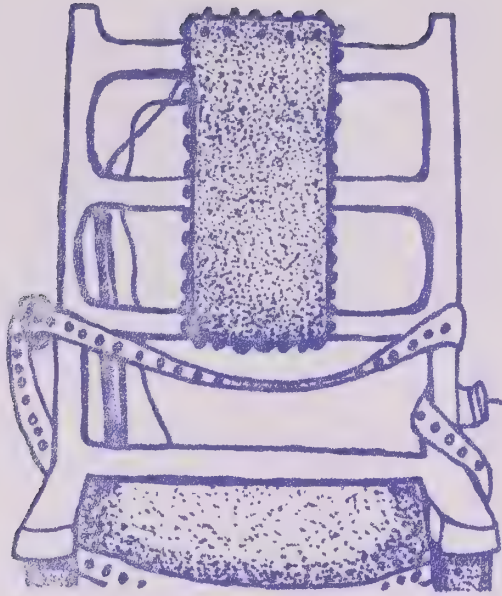
Jed dried his hands on the ragged towel, then ran a comb through his silver streaked hair. He glanced at the graffiti covered wall where he had drawn a calendar in pencil. He reached over and pulled his pencil stub from the old cigar box under his bunk. He moistened the lead tip with his tongue and with a shaking hand marked off the day. Friday, December 6, 1969, only twenty five days to go. He wished his hand would stop shaking — he wished he had a drink. One small drink, that's what started the whole mess. First one, then two and before he knew it he couldn't stop.

A drunk, picked up out of the gutter. That's what the Judge implied — fifth offense — Public Drunkenness. Did that make him a criminal? "Maybe if we lock you up for a while — you'll learn this time," the judge ordered, peering down at him as if he was a bug that needed to be squashed.

Sally would stand by him, she always did. When they let me out of this hell hole I'm going to change for her. He promised himself. I'm going on the wagon, I'm never going to go wrong again.

Jed wished his hand would stop shaking and his mouth didn't taste so dry. If only he had a drink now, just one — no more. Just enough to make the world look alright again.





You vs. I

You say:
lock me up, dismiss me,
forget me, pass me off
as another of your
undesirable rejects.

You say:
there is no place for me
in a free normal society,
a good, up-right, loving,
caring group of people.

You say:
execute me, rid yourselves
of me by any means necessary.

I say:
you cannot destroy me
without becoming me.
And my executioner shall
carry on my way of life;
until as the light of a
candle, in the end, we all
shall flicker and vanish
into blackness.

America the Beautiful

I've seen you only
from the inside out,
at the end of welfare
lines, in your courtrooms
with just-us for all, and
through prison bars.

Yet you ask me to fight,
help preserve America
the Beautiful.

I'm sorry, I was raised
on greens and beans
not apple pie!

Jackson State Prison (with a touch of shakespeare)

Where young restless convicts
have nothing to gauge
the quality of which
buzzards lead them.

Poor souls, lost, nonfunctional parts
of a complex movement,
mentally separated from
their Y-chromosome.

Because of despair,
maintain prostrate positions
while shakespeare's
"to be or not to be?"
bounce off the walls of their skulls,
buzzards ride their backs.



Human Rights

Prisons are the ghetto

i

see them in the eyes of my
oppressors, my empty ice-box,
the emergency room of the
city hospital, and

in

the arms of dope-fiends
and my woman's face.

i was transferred from one
ghetto to another;

and

the psychiatrist asks,
"how do you feel about your mother?"
i didn't know she was the problem.

the prison guards rather i mumble,
while they figure out why prison
is familiar to me;

but

i stuff cotton in my ears
to noise out their faces
and silence the talk about
human rights

☉ Four Poems by Leon Baker
JACKSON, MI

CRITIQUE

I sit in my cell
day in and day out,
and every now and then
write nasty little poems.

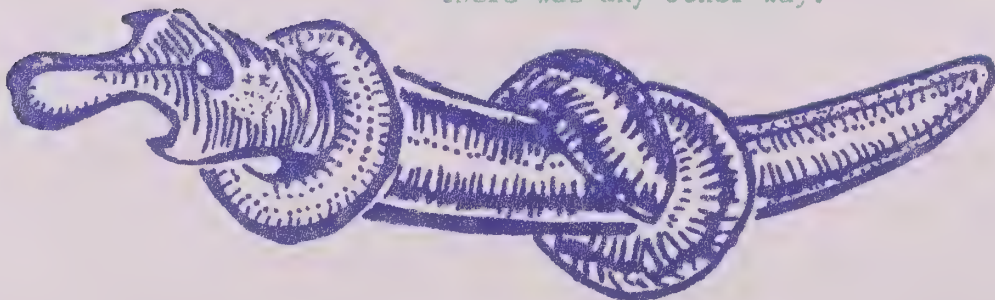
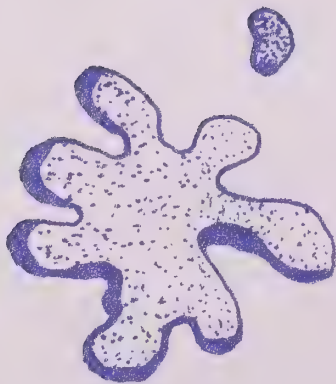
Someone once asked me...
why I didn't write
about nice things,
like sunshine, winter nights,
true love and all that.

I replied,
"I do not write
for you to like,
I write to provoke and disturb."

People don't like the truth...
and I'm not any different,
except, I hope,
when I write...
I write about reality.

And that same person told me...
that it was only my reality
I ever wrote about.

I didn't know,
there was any other way.





MYSTIQUE

Sitting in the living room
of my mother's house...
friends and family
ask me if it's good to be out,
and press more food and drink
on me.

Every now and then a home ape
comes up to me
and shyly asks,
what it's REALLY like inside.

I reply that it's like being
sent to your room
without supper...
and not allowed out
for Halloween.

I sometimes wonder...
if any of us can feel
the loneliness and pain...
of spending more time
in our room...
than our fellow
witches and goblins

Cynics and other Lonely People

Beware of those of a cynical turn of mind
they usually get what they want

Stumbling through the days in perfect form
I find my thoughts winding down
and out...

Opposed to those of a different bent

I love to match wits in a one on one debate
on the state of the human condition...
All for the sake of argument

Ask me again
why I have this need to provoke

You push my button and I'll push yours
in this
a psychological game of monopoly...
Do not pass GO... etc... etc...

Sanctimonious...
Harmonious...

I was weaned on 1984 and Brave New World

And now
as the gist of my narrative
threads its way to its logical conclusion
I'm out looking for new targets
to practice my aim

All I want to do is tidy up the loose ends.

Living does that to me.



IMAGES OF
A
SOLITARY MAN

I smiled,
watching him sit there
alone,
he smiled with me;
a lifeless smile,
appearing
and disappearing
on rejected commands.

His brown eyes
are weary and blank;
all life
washed out
by numerous tears.
I blinked,
he blinked,
simultaneously.

Lines of torment
creased his forehead,
surrounded his eyes;
he looked twice his age.
His face was pallid,
movements wooden;
reaching up,
in unison,
wiping sweat from our face.

Suddenly, life sprang
into hardened eyes;
unsteady hands
held the vase.
Spinning vases combine,
shattering the illusion
of a solitary man.

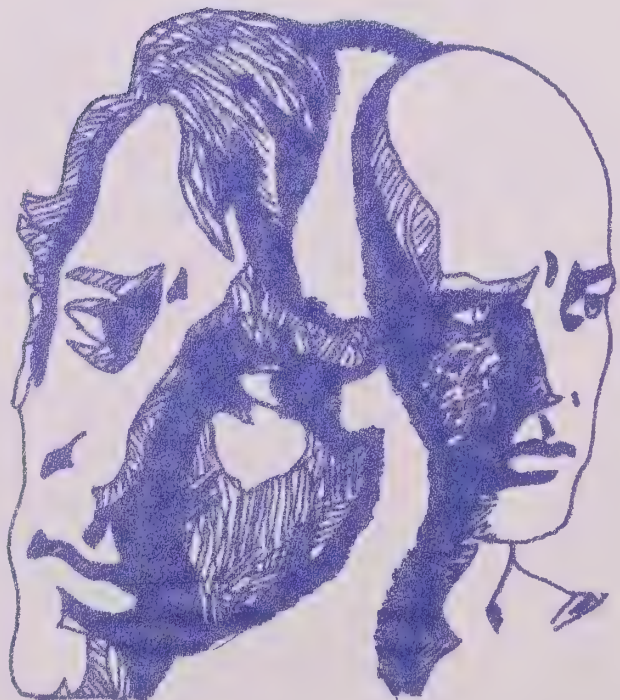
YOU CAN'T VISIT ME

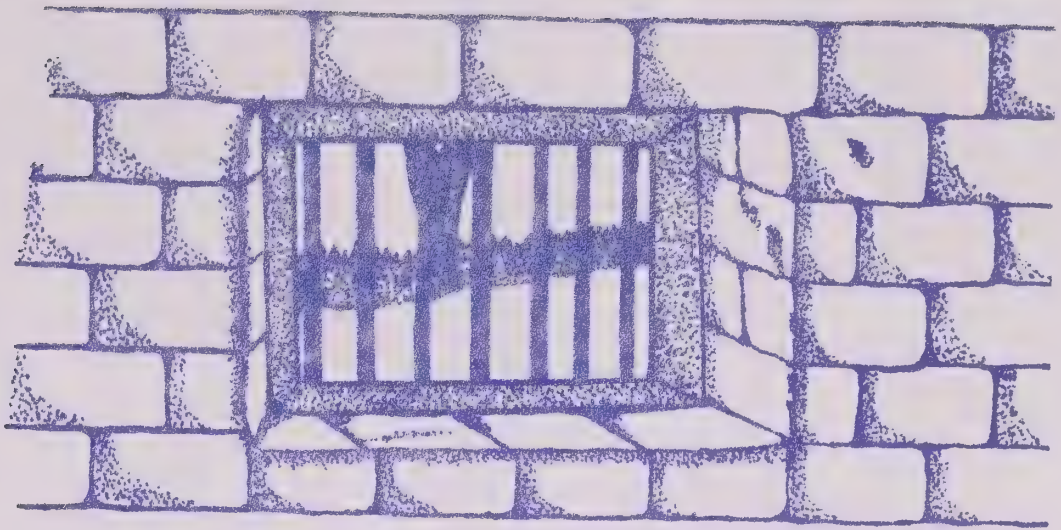
I wrote you a letter
to tell you
I care;
to say
I have been
where you are going.
Please, my brother,
listen.

I pray
for your protection,
as you search
for the things
I never found;
you will not find them there,
I have looked.
Please, my brother,
listen.

You will not realize
until it is too late,
then valuable years
will be wasted,
as mine have.
Please, my brother,
listen.

You are as I,
in thoughts and actions;
you will do
as you please.
Some night
you will find yourself
here,
alone,
angry.
You will know my heartache;
wishing you had listened,
as I wish I had heard
what I am saying.
Please, my brother,
listen.





SECLUSION

Words
lost in the wind,
thoughts misplaced
in time and space.
Expectations increase
as quandries
become an obsession,
destroying all sense
of discretion.
Struggles for existence
yield to resignation,
hearts grow cold
with indignation.
Hell continues,
life ceased to be
when these bars
secluded me.

SOMEONE TO TOUCH

You were not there
when I called to you
needing only
someone to talk to
My arms ached
needing someone to hold
when I reached for you
images disappeared
and I found myself alone
When I longed for loving
I felt your hands
caressing my face
I felt your lips on mine
Then I realized
I was kissing imagination
and being touched
by memories of the past

In a small lonely cell
I made a noose
from bed sheets
and as I hung from the bars
you were there
saying you would never leave me



FREE BREEZE

My mind exploded
incomplete thoughts
scattered throughout the room
and I am destined
to pick up the pieces
and start again
I can not escape
nor hide
from this turbulence within me

A door opened
and the breeze
gathered the pieces
and gave my plans
reality

5 Poems © Thomas R. Waltner
JUNEAU, Alaska



SPORTSECTION

13th ANNUAL FIELD DAY WEEKEND

by Dale Elderkin

WELL, HERE I GO WITH MY FIRST ATTEMPT AT WRITING AN ARTICLE FOR OUR esteemed magazine. It wasn't hard to say that. . .it was easier to say it than start this article.

This is, as you can tell by the heading, a report on our FIELD DAY. I'll try my best to include everyone's name who took part in the fun and games and the outcome of such involvement. I can foresee from my previous notes that I have my work cut out for me, so here we go!

FRIDAY, JULY 31st, the build-up began to gather momentum towards the climactic sequence of events which were staged on the following Monday. After a second round of GOLF SINGLES, the remaining contenders were: SMITH, LEGUE, STEVENSON, MUISE, McMEAN and PETERS. By the fourth round LEGUE was playing off against PETERS, with YOUNG against McMEAN. PETERS win in this event was worth \$10 and JOHN McMEAN scored \$5 for his second place finish. Thanks to JOE POWER and DAVE RUMSEY for managing this tournament.

HANDBALL SINGLES found DUCKY GAGNON and MIKE LAWLOR battling their way to the finals, where GAGNON took on HARRY HOLLETT, with the final outcome and winner being DUCKY GAGNON.

In RACQUETBALL SINGLES, the final found HANK DIXON up against GLEN THOMPSON, with GLEN winning first prize.

RACQUETBALL DOUBLES found HANK DIXON and ALEX THORNTON up against GLEN THOMPSON and JOE POWER, with the latter mentioned team winning it. A big thanks to GLEN THOMPSON for managing this tournament.

The HORSESHOES TOURNAMENT was managed by JOHN DIONNE. Thanks John. The winners of the SINGLES were ED YOUNG and GINO YOUNG respectively for \$10 and \$5. The DOUBLES of this event saw JOHN DIONNE and AL SPICER winning over BOB STEVENS and PORTER. We had 94 ENTREES in the six above-mentioned tournaments. Good participation, eh!

The WEIGHTLIFTING TOURNAMENT was divided into 5 weight classes and there were 29 ENTREES. After three tries at each -- bench press, dead lift, and squat -- and taking the best lift in each category, the winners in each category were: 125-140 lb Class, GINO YOUNG, 1st with total lifts of 946 lbs, and PEYTON second; 141-156 lb Class saw CONWAY take first with 932 lbs and JACKIE LEROY second with 515 lbs; the 157-172 lb Class went to BRIAN VOUTOUR with 923 lbs and BOWLER with 872 lbs; the 173-188 lb Class had CLARKE lifting 575 lbs to win first place and STEVE ROBERTS second with 345 lbs; the 189 lb Class and Over was won by WRIGHT who lifted 764 lbs and was followed closely by FUDGE with 738 lbs. WEIGHTLIFTER OF THE DAY went to GINO YOUNG, the powerhouse who lifted the highest ratio per his body weight. He stole this event by hoisting 6.8 times his own body weight.

In the TUG-OF-WAR competition we had 3 good teams in the 150 Pound and Under Class. NUMBER ELEVEN didn't come up with a team. The winning unit was NUMBER NINE with CLARK, MURPHY, FERRIS, BOOMER, LEROY, STEVENSON, ARSEN-AULT, BLIZZARD, YOUNG, SEETON and COACH DAVIDSON. They each picked up five bucks.

Again, NUMBER ELEVEN had no representation in the OPEN CLASS TUG-OF-WAR. Of course, there was no doubt in anyone's mind who would win. There had been an exhibition tug in May and NUMBER TEN won that; however, it was not to be repeated. NUMBER EIGHT pulled it off with the great team of BRIAN VOUTOUR, BOWLES, PAUL PROUSE, STEVE ROBERTS, HAROLD (FATTY) SMITH, KEITH LAPROTE, LARKIN, AL PORTER, STEVENS and COACH DALEY. Oh, I almost forgot, myself, DALE ELDERKIN. We won ourselves a share in a \$55 Southern Fried Chicken Feed.

There were 11 NOVELTY EVENTS with 133 ENTREES. In the BALL THROW FOR DISTANCE, JIM MacDONALD and DORMAN tied at 268 feet. DREW HENNESSEY came second. In the WHEELBARROW RACE, first place went to the team of CHARLEY VOUTOUR and MCCARTHY, with NORMAN and YOUNG second. FERRIS and BLIZZARD placed third. The THREE-LEGGED RACE put BILL MELNICK and JIM MacDONALD in first with LANDRY and GOO GOO in second. In BASE RUNNING, DUCKY GAGNON came first with a time of 11.6 seconds; JIM MacDONALD and DALEY tied for second at 11.7 seconds. ARM WRESTLING, 150 LBS AND UNDER, had HORE first, BOOMER second and PEYTON third. Only two people made it for the EGG AND SPOON RACE for the oldies over 35; FAST LOOSE (Wayne Marshall) came first with SMITH second. The seventh event was the ACCURACY BALL THROW with DUCKY GAGNON first, BOOMER second and FAST LOOSE third. Great pitching guys -- I heard there was a catcher in there somewhere.... In the HORSEBACK RIDE RACE, BURNETT and LOOSE won. BURNETT was the horse! FERRIS and BLIZZARD came second in a photo finish. OPEN CLASS ARM WRESTLING was over fast for some.

MELNICK took first, getting the jump on BOOMER who took second from RALPH KEATS. JOHNSTON placed first in the SACK RACE. I thought JIM MacDONALD had it in the bag, but he ended a close second. CALDWELL came third. More people won in the OVER 40 SACK RACE than for the OVER 35 EGG AND SPOON RACE. Maybe there are more guys over 40 than there are over 35. Well, we did get three winners in the sack; CHUCK PARNELL, BREAU and PALMER. The main thing was to have a little fun.

There were 17 competition events, including the five-event series PENTATHLON. In these events were another 141 competitors. I was very impressed with the THREE MILE RACE. It was obvious these guys had trained very hard for this event. CHARLIE DAVIDSON took first with a super time of 17 minutes, 25 seconds and won \$25. RAY MOONEY placed second with a respectable time of 18 minutes, 8 seconds. It was worth 20 bucks to him for his efforts. FLOYD THOMAS came third and made \$15. Just finishing this race is something. Way to go, Guys! The FIFTY YARD DASH was done in 6.025 seconds by ROY ALDWORTH. Just a hair behind was GEORGE WILLIS at 6.03, followed by DIGGS for third. REDDICK took first in the SHOT PUT (36.3'), FLEET second (35.9'), and LA KING placed third (32.85). In the 100 YARD DASH MELVIN REDDICK, again, scored first (11 sec), with DIGGS second and SIMMONDS coming third. BEST came first in the HIGH JUMP, followed by VOUTOUR and YOUNG, respectively. In both the 220 and 440 YARD DASHES, again, it was MELVIN REDDICK, trailed by PARIS and ROBERTS respectively. The team of PARIS, ROBERTS, REDDICK and G. BLACK beat out VOUTOUR, VOUTOUR, BLIZZARD and LA KING in the 880 RELAY RACE. The STEEPLE CHASE was won by STEVE ROBERTS in 2 minutes 33 seconds, with CONWAY placing second.

In the PENTATHLON, the winners were MELVIN REDDICK first with 12 points and \$35.00, STEVE ROBERTS second with 8 points and earning \$25.00, FLOYD THOMAS had 7 points and earned \$15.00.

What can I say about the OBSTACLE RACE? You just had to be there. And, if you weren't, someone would come and get you and throw you in the water hole anyway. I got it again this year. STEVENS won the race with BREAU second and GAGNE third; however, I feel FAST LOOSE should have won a prize for BEST SWIMMER. There was lots of ice cream, soft drinks and hot dogs to go around, and thanks to the guys who made sure we got our fill. You all did a great job.

I'll leave the SLO-PITCH TOURNAMENT to someone else to tell you about. It deserves special mention and I missed it because of a visit, but everyone knows that the LIFER'S won. I didn't even get to the CARNEY BOOTHS but I hear they went over well. ATHLETE OF THE DAY went to MELVIN REDDICK, of course, and I think he should get that big trophy instead of just his name on it. I was very happy and not surprised that DAVE TOWLER got the MOST VALUABLE PLAYER AWARD. He really pulls the team together out there. JIM MacDONALD won the NOVELTY EVENTIST OF THE DAY award. The BEST SPORTSMAN OF THE DAY went to STEVE ROBERTS who worked really hard and pulled down a good number of points. And, of course, GINO YOUNG walked away with LIFTER OF THE DAY. All of these guys really deserved the recognition they got in the auditorium after the day was over. The applause given each of these guys was tremendous.

The guys that really pulled the FIELD DAY together, cutting all the tape and working things behind the scenes, deserve mention: JIMMY MacDONALD, the Sports Commissioner, DAVE CROSSMAN and DAVE TOWLER, the Field Marshalls, the Sports Committee -- GERRY BENNETT of Number Eight, CHARLIE DAVIDSON of Number Nine, DUCKY GAGNON of Number Ten and JOE DALRYMPLE of Number Eleven-- and BOB EBY, the Inmate Committee Coordinator. And, of course, all the other guys who worked to make this a very successful weekend deserve our thanks. Good show to everyone.



by ART NELLIGAN

WELL, SUMMER IS UPON US AGAIN, FRESH AIR, FRESH RAIN. It has also meant a dividing of weight equipment between the gym and the outside yard to accomodate inside workouts in the gym for rainy days and the outside pit for all those fine days we are hoping for when you can pump iron with the sun shining in your face or in the cool of evening. This split is a temporary one until the proposed outside weight pit is built between the rear of the gym and NUMBER NINE unit, one with a canopy, no less, so the rain will make no difference to a man's workout. So far, this division of equipment hasn't seemed to create any line-ups to use the pit; I guess a lot of guys get into playing ball, running, punching the heavy bag, whatever, for the summer.

We never did have that weight-lifting and body-building demonstration, did we? Don't know what happened; the guys who were contacted apparently just never got back to us. . .rude rude.

Whereas my initial column in this series dealt with attitude and safety concerning the use of equipment, this issue I'm going to talk about what I feel is a proper stretching and warming-up program, without which you can easily run into immediate and not-so-immediate damage; that damage being brought to your attention by various aches and pains, particularly in joints such as elbows, knees, shoulders, and in one of the most vulnerable of all places in your body, that being, of course, your back—damage which can go virtually undetected for long periods of time, sometimes until it is too late. Much like a cold car engine in winter doesn't perform well at all, neither does your body rise to the occasion of work placed upon it in the manner it should when you just walk out to the pit, put your maximum set weight on the bar and try a couple of power presses. Try some jumping jacks or deep knee bends; do a few sets of pushups; try some shoulder limbering exercise by holding your fists facing each other on your chest with your elbows parallel and extend your arms fully to the sides and then back. For your back, try just bending over and touching your toes, which, with a stretch, will also loosen the muscles in the backs of your legs. Or, also, for your back, try the same exercise but with a light weight and standing on the edge of a bench so your body is afforded a full stretch without the weight hitting the floor. Since my neck was an area that was frequently sore, I used to place the flat of my palms against my forehead and apply pressure to push my head back while at the same time using my neck muscles to counteract the pressure, thus relieving the stiffness in my neck. You can also do the same exercise against the sides and back of your head. Once you feel you're sufficiently stretched and the blood is flowing, put a weight on your bar that is a fraction of what your normal work-out weight is, perhaps half, and do a set of twenty with that lighter weight to fully prepare the muscle group you are working for what should now be a good, body-building, and not joint-and-muscle-damaging, workout. It's your body: treat it good and let it grow properly; it's irreplaceable (unless you believe in the Bionic Man or have a fondness for steel pins in joints or wooden legs) and a good common-sense approach to keeping it healthy will pay you in time. Take that 10 or 15 minutes before you decide to jump into your workout cold and already stiff, it'll pay off.

Perhaps with the good weather here you can change your routine a little and drop back a few pounds and increase your reps and supplement your workout by running a mile or a half-mile, or even a lap. It'll build your wind and legs, and at the same time you'll shed some layers of fat and define your muscles. Nothing beats running for cutting-up.

With two weeks left (I'll be on the street before this is in print), what are some of the things I'd like to see for the guys? Well, things like vitamin and protein supplements being added to the canteens, or issued to serious workers would be a big help. I'm sure some arrangement could be made, but then the entire jail could use food supplements let alone those

in the weight pit. The one piece of equipment that sees too much use by too many people not to warrant attention here is the UNIVERSAL EXERCISING MACHINE. It should be made available at all times, rain or shine, whether that means leaving it in the gym with a staff member remaining to supervise or it being moved to the outside yard under a rain shelter to protect it and the guys using it. Almost everybody who works out at all uses that machine for one phase or another of their workouts. I'd also like to see some better equipment put out, though those new weights we waited for are now here (though why a set had to be painted is a mystery to me. . .smile), but what they call a heavy bag is no more than a bad joke. It's only half there, and too old and worn to be restuffed (I tried it once, it didn't last). King Sports is only 50 miles down the road and \$150.00 doesn't seem much to spend, especially since the recreation budget is now added to by a tax placed on us by the new pay system which takes \$4 per pay from each of us. So, whaddaya say, Rec Staff, to dumping that punched-out, too-often-left-in-the-rain hunk of junk and buying a new one? The other side of it all is that the guys themselves have to appreciate the equipment that we are all paying for and treat it as your own, to ensure it doesn't end up in an early grave. If you lose it through carelessness or recklessness, who have you got to cry to for another when its gone!

With the initiation of the new SPORTS SUBCOMMITTEE and a SPORTS COMMISSIONER, JIMMY MacDONALD, I think that a more suitable and better working arrangement can be enjoyed with the REC STAFF if gone about properly. I'd like to see guys be a little more supporting of each other, speak up when you've got something to say and pitch in when there's a job to be done. I look around at the outside facilities and I see that they could be twice as good as they are, and I hear a lot of complaining and whining going on about "this should be done" and "that should be done," but it seems to me that the old "if I don't do it, someone else might" attitude just doesn't work when the next guy is thinking the same thing. Standing around with your thumb in your bum ain't gonna get you nothin' but a sore ass, so.... There are guys capable of contributing, so it's up to you. . .put your energy where your mouth is.

What? "Admittance and Discharge for photos" and "Turn your joint clothes in at S.I.S."?

Hey, what can I say? Yo!!!

I see a couple of salty dogs are working on IAN MacMUSCLE. . .heard something about "How you ever gonna load a boat in that shape?!" Paul and David, you're both ras-cu-als!!!

I see you're putting the belt to use DAVE H., the squats are coming . . .

JOHN F., SAM says quit lazing it and get your ass back to work, he's lonesome....

What kind of workout are you doing ERNIE? That's the third partner in four months....

To TIM, RANDY and CARL, give those bars a good rest before putting them to work, I burned them and two partners out, so be gentle. . . .

And, to the rest of you bums, be gentle to each other but get into good shape so you can handle what you've got to do.

SLO-PITCH TOURNAMENT

by Charles Parnell

THE SLO-PITCH TOURNAMENT held over the FIELD DAY WEEKEND was one of the best tournaments held here in quite some time. It ended in a final game between the LIFERS and the CHALLENGERS that was well played and exciting, to say the least.

The LIFERS managed to overcome the CHALLENGERS, with a final score of 5 to 4, to take first place and a prize of \$150.00; leaving second place and the \$50.00 prize to the

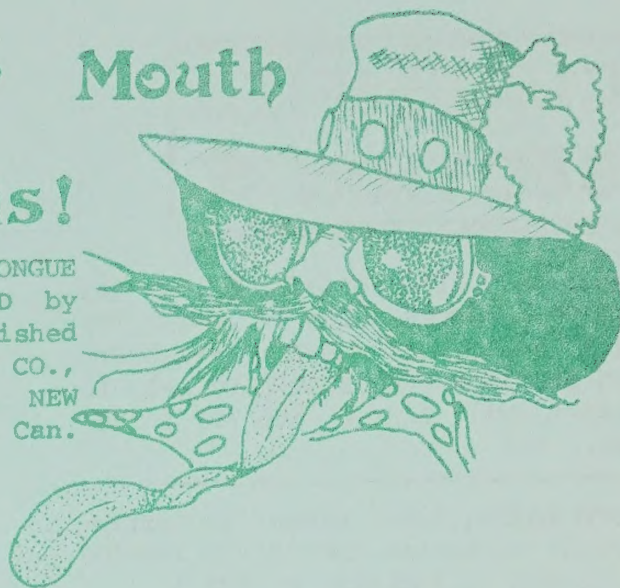
well-deserving CHALLENGERS.

The MOST VALUABLE PLAYER AWARD and trophy was awarded to DAVE TOWLER in a unanimous decision. Although all players played well, there are a few who deserve special mention: guys like DREW HENNESSEY, RON FITZGERALD, MEL REDDICK, AL BURNETT, DOCKENDORFF and CONSTANTINE. All in all, it was a well played game and the players demonstrated good sportsmanship.

Wrap Your Mouth

Around This!

Taken from THE BIGGEST TONGUE
TWISTER BOOK IN THE WORLD by
Gyles Brandreth and published
by STERLING PUBLISHING CO.,
INC., Two Park Avenue, NEW
YORK, NY 10016 at \$6.95 Can.



Betty Botter
bought some butter.
"But," she said,
"the butter's bitter.
If I put it
in my batter,
It will make
my batter bitter.
But a bit
of better butter —
That would make
my batter better."

So she bought
a bit of butter,
Better than
her bitter butter.
And she put it
in her batter,
And the batter
was not bitter.
So 'twas better
Betty Botter
Bought a bit
of better butter!

Once upon a barren moor
There dwelt a bear, also a boar.
The bear could not bear the boar,
The boar thought the bear a bore.
At last the bear could bear no more
That boar that bored him on the moor.
And so one morn he bored the boar —
That boar will bore the bear no more!

Said the flea to the fly as he
flew through the flue,
"There's a flaw in the floor
of the flue."
Said the fly to the flea as he
flew through the flue,
"A flaw in the floor of the
flue doesn't bother me.
Does it bother you?"

\$\$\$ LOOKING FOR A BETTER WAY? \$\$\$

SHULIE LAKE FORESTRY CAMP -- A different kind of experience. . .one that gives you on-the-job training and prepares you for working in the woods if you desire. Most guys who do the six-month program make a full parole and leave the camp with "street" money, owning their chain-saw and other working gear.

Six months working in the bush, learning and earning, has to be better than lying around waiting for time to pass. One way you can make your time a worthwhile experience is to contact your LUL and ask about Scott Paper Company's SHULIE LAKE FORESTRY OPERATION -- only 30 miles down the road but maybe a lifetime of improvement away for you. Think about it....

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LEON BAKER, Poet, wishes to correspond. Write him LEON BAKER 135903, P.O. Box E, JACKSON, MI 49204

I have lost contact with the outside world and am very lonely. I am 23 years old and easy to get along with and will answer all who write. TOM DAUKSZA, Box 1000, OXFORD, Wisconsin 53952

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JEFF ZABLE, San Francisco poet and jazz musician, has written a second book of marvelous poems. Many of them have appeared in the COMMUNICATOR and we want you to have the chance to get more of his work. THE DEAD DIE YOUNG is available for \$1.50 (American) from Androgyne Books, 930 Shields, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94132

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